EXCELSIOR

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A HOT SCENT.

Hare and Hounds.

The New Game and How it is Played—First Meet of the Westchester Club.

THE old school-boys' game of Hare and Hounds is coming into favor in the United States, and we are glad of it. THE YOUNG NEW YORKER takes especial interest in this sport because its first trial has been made in the vicinity of New York City. The Westchester Hare and Hounds Club was organized November 13th and had its first run on Thanksgiving Day. Of course, having said this much, our readers will all want to know just what the game is, how it is played and how it affects them. Our picture will give them an excellent idea of its general features.

Hare and Hounds is an old game of the English schools, and it is essentially a healthy game, good for boys and young men. It requires only one thing, plenty of good runners; and all young fellows are fond of running. Two of the fleetest of the club are chosen for "Hares" and provided with a sack full of scraps of paper for "scent." The rest of the club are "Hounds." The Hares are allowed ten or fifteen minutes' start, and set off across the country, dropping scraps as they go, throwing a handful behind them every hundred feet and scattering gradually. It is their object to get out of sight as soon as possible. The Hounds are put on the trail at the sound of a horn, and have to catch the Hares if they can. This is the whole of the game.

As practiced, Hare and Hounds clubs generally have a uniform suitable for running. That of the Westchester club is a scarlet jacket, black knee-breeches or Knickerbockers and black cap. This is a good running dress and should be followed in its general features, though any colors are admissible. Knee-breeches are preferable to trowsers on every account, as they do not cramp the knee in running.

The Westchester club has been organized only three weeks, and we give the names of its members in full, as the pioneers of the new sport in America. They are Walter S. Vosburgh, L. H. Berte, J. J. Brady, W. W. White, E. Molson, G. H. Hillwig, H. H. Smythe, Frank N. Lord, A. B. Van Piper, X. M. Keyser, George Dolde, John B. Haviland, T. H. Armstrong (the champion one mile walker), Percy Neyman, William H. Dubois, L. B. Rolston, H. Fielding, C. Cox, W. Merrill, John W. Lowe, W. J. Kendrick, J. D. Riblet, W. Livingston, E. Rockwell, W. C. Hamilton, T. Keeler, W. L. Ferris, S. S. Ferris, W. J. Duff, C. W. Horton, J. B. Daly and Frank Banham.

The idea of the club originated in a conversation on the Harlem boat, and the members were carefully chosen. The officers elected for 1878–9 are: President, J. J. Brady; First Vice-President, W. W. White; Second Vice-President, E. Nelson; Secretary, G. Heilwig; Assistant Secretary, G. Dolde; Treasurer, F. N. Lord; Executive Committee, L. A. Berte, W. S. Vosburgh, W. C. Hamilton, W. I. K. Kendrick, and J. B. Haviland; Field-Captain, W. S. Vosburgh; Lieutenants, F. H. Banham and W. Smythe.

The field-captain is also called the "pacemaker;" and he and the lieutenants—who are denominated "whippers in"—keep the Hounds together and prevent the pack from straggling. The "Hounds" must follow the "scent" and are not allowed to cut off corners after the "Hares."

The Thanksgiving meeting of the new club proved a grand success. It had rained hard on Wednesday night, but cleared about midnight and blew hard and cold from the north-west, drying up the country in famous style. The "meet" took place at Schrader's Hotel on Central Avenue, Woodlawn, at nine o'clock; and at half-past nine the signal for the start was given.

The "Hares" were Messrs. L. A. Berte and W. W. White. The "Hounds" were J. J. Brady, G. H. Hillwig, H. H. Smythe, W. S. Vosburgh, A. B. Van Riper, X. M. Keyser, George Dolde, John B. Haviland, Percy Newman, Frank Banham, H. Fielding, C. Cox, W. Merrill and John W. Lowe. Lowe and Smythe had run before in England.

The "Hares" were dressed in dark-blue shirts and trunks, with the image of a hare in scarlet cloth on their breasts. Nearly every one was provided with a horn. The "pacemaker" wore black velvet cuffs and collar on the red jacket and a golden tassel on his cap.

The "Hares" were given a start of ten minutes, and were not expected to scatter "scent" till they were out of sight. At the end of ten minutes the captain signaled, the horns sounded, and away went the chase down the road toward Mount Vernon. The "Hares" took care to change their course and go across country before they began to drop "scent," and accordingly there was a check at end of the first quarter of a mile, when the "Hounds" had to hunt for the trail. These are the occasions that require discipline and a good captain, but the new club was lacking in neither, and soon found the white trail that led across a stubble-field in a wood. The country between Woodlawn and Mount Vernon traverses the valley of the Bronx which is full of swamps; and the "Hares" being reckless and full of fun, led the chase through the worst places they could find, doubling away to the left from Mount Vernon toward Yonkers, and thence doubling back again to Kingsbridge and Woodlawn. The latter part of the chase was over rough, hilly ground, and the whippers-in had hard work. The best runners wanted to get ahead and the poorest were lagging, but the officers were determined to keep the club together to prevent disheartenment. At last they began to close in on the "Hares," and the cunning fellows doubled in order to puzzle the "Hounds." They attempted to throw them off by wading the Bronx river, but the "Hounds" were not to be denied, and ran them to cover at the hotel from whence they had started. The "Hares" arrived at ten minutes past one, the leading "Hound"—Banham, of the Harlem Athletic Club—eight minutes later; and the rest of the pack were all in by half-past one, tired out, but jolly and enthusiastic.

The club will next meet on Christmas Day, and expects to hunt every other Saturday thereafter, unless the snow prevents. Long before their next meeting, we hope to chronicle the formation of "Hare and Hounds clubs" in every village of the Union.

The game is an excellent one for young men and boys, and can be followed anywhere, with or without uniforms. The less frippery they indulge in the more will Americans like the sport.

Red jackets can be replaced by red shirts, which cost less and are lighter to run in. If the members of the club cannot afford to buy knee-breeches, they can probably alter old pantaloons into the necessary shape, and in the case of boys below twelve the common fashion of Knickerbockers saves all trouble.

In forming Hare and Hounds Clubs, as in Walking Clubs, it is advisable that the members should be nearly equal in physical strength, when selected, to insure good runs and general satisfaction. If a hundred boys at some public school should wish to form clubs, it would be better to make at least two—one of large, the other of small boys—than to consolidate them. If both run together, the little fellows are sure to drop out in disgust when the others force the pace beyond their abilities, while the large boys will grumble at having to wait for the little ones. Clubs of small boys can be called "Beagles" to distinguish them from the larger "Hounds," and can enjoy a run as much as any one.

We repeat here—the less frippery indulged in by way of uniform, the better, though all should dress alike, so as to be recognized a long way off. A white band round the cap, with the letters of the club name, is enough to show out at a distance; and the captain could have a different colored cap to distinguish him. The Westchester Club is composed of young men in good circumstances, and they can afford velvet collars and gold tassels. The less of these that our school-boys affect, the better for the success of the club.

N. B.—We shall be pleased to receive notice of the formation of Hare and Hounds Clubs by boys of all ages, from eight years to eighty; and the accounts of their runs will be duly chronicled in THE YOUNG NEW YORKER. These runs are just the thing to keep boys out of mischief and to increase the size of the chest by exercising the breathing powers. Start clubs, boys, anywhere and everywhere. Meet after school on Friday afternoons and plan your runs for Saturday; and then, after the run let your best writers sit down and send us an account of the run, where you went, what you did and all your adventures.

THE COLD DAYS.

'Tis fal',
And calm, cold days
Are dreaming in the skies;
With amber light the far woods blaze,
The shadeless corn lands wear a listless haze,
The river level on the dun mead lies;
Her spell enchantment lays
On glimmering hills—bright bays—
Long ocean ways—
On all.

'Tis calm
Before the end;
In nature, as in life,
Tis bright as eventide. I wend
My way through the woods where gold and crimson blend,
Through corridors where endless pomps extend;
I sigh to think how soon the strife
Of piping winds shall rend
Each leaf, and end
The charm. —*Youth's Companion.*

Capt. Mayne Reid's Best Boy's Story.

Gaspar, the Gaucho;

OR,

LOST ON THE PAMPAS.

A TALE OF THE GRAN CHACO.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN," "THE SCALP-HUNTERS," "AFLOAT IN THE FOREST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

SAVED BY A SPITTING-DEVIL.

To be shut up in a room with a royal Bengal tiger, or, what amounts to the same, a cave of small dimensions, is a situation which no one will covet. Nor would it be much improved were the tyrant of the Asiatic jungles transformed into a jaguar—the despot of the American tropical forests. For, although the latter be smaller, and less powerful than the former, in an encounter with man it is equally fierce, and dangerous. As regards size, the male jaguar often reaches the measurement of an Indian tigress; while its strength is beyond all proportion to its bulk. Humboldt has made mention of one, that dragged the carcass of a horse it had killed across a deep, difficult ravine, and up to the top of a hill; while similar feats have been recorded by Von Tschudi, Darwin, and D'Orbigny.

Familiar with its character and capabilities, no wonder, then, that our gaucho and his companions should feel fear, as they take in the perils besetting them.

For there is no knowing how long the jaguar will keep its patience, or its place; and when it shifts, they may "look out for squalls." They can still see it on the ledge; for although the light is feeble, with some dust floating about, through this its glaring eyeballs, as twin stars through a thin stratum of cloud, gleam coal-like and clear. They can see its jaws, too, at intervals open to emit that cry of menace, exposing its blood-red palate, and white serrature of teeth—a sight horrifying to behold! All the while its sinewy tail oscillates from side to side, now and then striking the rock, and breaking off bits of stalactites, that fall in sparkling fragments on the floor. At each repetition of its growl, the horses show fresh affright, and dance madly about. For the instinct of the dumb animals seems to admonish them they are caged with a dangerous companion—they and it alike unable to part company. Their masters know this, and knowing it, are all the more alarmed. A fight is before them; and there appears no chance of shunning it—a hand-to-hand fight, their short-bladed knives against the sharp teeth and claws of a jaguar!

For a time they stand irresolute, even Gaspar himself not knowing what to do. Not for long, however. It would not be the gaucho to surrender to despair. Instead, a thought seems suddenly to have occurred to him—a way of escape from their dilemma—as evinced by his behavior, to the others yet incomprehensible.

Parting from them, he glides off in the direction of his horse; which happens to be nearest, like Cypriano's, cowering in a crevice of the rock. Soon beside it, he is again seen to plunge his hand into the *alparejas*, and grope about, just as when searching for the stump of candle.

And now he draws forth something very similar—a packet with a skin covering, tied with a bit of string. Returning to them, and removing the wrapper, he exposes to view a half-dozen little rolls, in shape somewhat like regalia cigars, sharp-pointed at one end, and barbed as arrows.

At a glance, both boys see what they are. They have not been brought up in a country where bull-fighting, as in all Spanish America, is the principal pastime, without having become acquainted with most matters relating to it. And what Gaspar has brought before their eyes are some *torterillas*, or spitting-devils, used, along with the *banderillas* for rousing the fury of the bull while being goaded by the *picadores* round the arena, before the *matador* makes his final assault. Gaspar, who in early life has played *picador* himself in the bull-fights of San Rosario, knows how to manufacture all the implements pertaining to the *funcion de toros*, and has usually kept a stock of *torterillas* on hand, chiefly for the amusement of the Tovas youths, who were accustomed to visit the estancia.

Often, while dwelling at Assuncion, had he witnessed the wonder and delight with which the savages who came there regarded all sorts of fireworks; and it had occurred to him that, in the event of their encountering strange Indians, some "spitting-devils" might prove of service. So, at starting out on their present expedition, just as with the bit of wax candle, he had tossed a packet of them into his saddle-bags.

He does not give this explanation till afterward. Now there is no time for talking; he must act, and instantly. But how he intends acting, or what he means to do with the *torterillas*, neither of his youthful comrades can tell or guess.

They are not kept long in ignorance. Snatching the candle from Cypriano, who has been carrying it—with this in one hand and a *torterilla* in the other—he moves off in the direction of the ledge, where luckily the jaguar still lies astretch. Possibly the reports of the guns have cowed it to keeping its place. Whether or no, it has kept it without change of attitude or position; though at intervals giving utterance to long low growls, with an occasional bark between.

Advancing cautiously, and in silence, the gaucho gets within six paces of it. This he deems near enough for his purpose; which, by this time, the others comprehend. It is to cast the *torterilla* at the tiger, and if possible, get the barbed point to penetrate the creature's skin, and there stick.

He makes the attempt, and succeeds. First having put the primed end into the candle's flame, and set the fuse on fire, he launches the "Devil" with such sure aim, that it is seen to fix itself in the jaguar's back, just over the right shoulder.

The brute, feeling the sting, starts to its feet with an angry scream; this instantly changing to a cry of affright, as the caked powder catches fire, and fizzing up, envelops it in a shower of sparks. Not a second longer stays it on the ledge, but bounding off makes for the cave's mouth, as if Satan himself had taken hold of its tail. So sudden and unexpected is its retreat, that Ludwig and Cypriano, to get out of the way, go tumbling over the stones; while Gaspar comes nigh doing the same; in the scramble dropping the candle, and of course extinguishing it. But the light goes out only with the jaguar itself; the brute bounding on with the sparks like the tail of a comet streaming behind, illumining the whole cavern, and causing the stalactites to glitter and sparkle, as if its roof were frosted with real diamonds!

In an instant after, all is darkness; simultaneously with the light going out, a sound reaching their ears, as of some solid body, falling heavily upon water—which they know to be the tiger plunging into the stream. That puts out the "spitting-devil," and no doubt along with it, or soon after, the life of the animal it had so affrighted; for even the king of American beasts could not escape being drowned in that foaming, seething flood.

Soon as satisfied that the enemy is *hors de combat*, and the coast clear, Gaspar gropes about for the candle, and finding, once more lights it. Then in his usual fashion, winding up with some quaint remark, he says:

"No more caterwauling to-night, I fancy, unless the kittens be about too. If they be, it'll give us a bit of sport, drowning them. Now, *señoritos!* I think we may sit down to supper, without fear of being again balked of our *maté* and mutton."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A ROCK-BOUND SLEEPING-ROOM.

As the darkness, due to the storm, has now been succeeded by the more natural darkness of night, the trackers, for this day, cannot proceed further, were they ever so eager. Besides, there is another bar to their continuing; one still more directly obstructive, even forbidding their exit from the cave. This, the *arroyo*, which now in full flood fills the ravine up to the cliff's base, there leaving no path for either man or horse. That by which they approached is covered beyond fording depth, with a current so swift as to sweep the strongest animal from its feet, even were it an elephant. And to attempt reaching the opposite side by swimming, would only result in their getting carried down to be drowned to a certainty, or have the life crushed out of them on the rocks below.

Gaspar knowing all this, does not dream of making any such rash experiment. On the contrary, as he has signified, he designs them to remain all night in the cavern. Indeed, there is no alternative, as he observes, explaining how egress is forbidden, and assuring them that they are, in point of fact, as much prisoners as though the doors of a jail were shut and locked upon them.

Their imprisonment, however, need not last till the morning; so far as the flood is concerned. And this he also makes known to them, himself aware that the waters in the *arroyo*, will subside as rapidly as they had risen. It is one of those short rivulets, whose floods are over almost as soon as the rain which causes them. Looking out again near the hour of midnight, they see his prediction verified. The late swollen and fast-rushing stream has become reduced to nearly its normal dimensions, and runs past in gentle ripple, while the moon shining full upon it, shows not a flake of foam.

They could even now pass out of the cave, and on up the cliff where they came down, if they desired to do so. More, they might with such a clear moon, return to the river's bank and continue on along the trail they had forsaken. A trail so plain as it, could be followed in a light far more faint; at least, so think they. So believing, Cypriano, as ever impatient to get on, is greatly inclined to this course, and chafes at the irksomeness of delay. But Gaspar objects, giving his reasons.

"If we were to go on now," he says, "it wouldn't better us a bit. All we'd gain by it would be the league or so from this to the river. Once there, and attempting to travel up its bank, we'd find scores of little creeks that run into it, in full freshet, and have to swim our horses across them. That would only lose time, instead of gaining it. Now, by daybreak, they'll all be down again, when we can travel straight on without being delayed by so many stoppages. I tell you, Señor Cypriano, if we start now, it'll be only to find the old saying true, 'More haste, worse speed.'"

He to whom this speech is addressed perceives the application of the adage, and admitting it, yields the point.

"Besides," adds the gaucho, by way of clinching his argument, "we've got to spend part of the night somewhere, and have some sleep. If we keep on without that, it may end in our breaking dead down, which would be worse than being a little behind time. We all stand in need of rest now. Speaking for myself, I want it badly; and I'm sure so does Master Ludwig and you too, *señorito!* If we were to leave the cave, and seek for it anywhere outside, we'd find the ground soaking wet, and, like enough, every one of us get laid up with a spell of rheumatics. Here we'll be as snug as a *biscacha* in its hole; and, I take it, will sleep undisturbed by the squalling of any more cats."

As Cypriano makes no further opposition, it is decided that they remain in the cave till morning.

The little incident as above, with the conversation which accompanies it, does not take place immediately after the tiger had been disposed of; for they have eaten supper since. By good luck, some sticks were found in the cave, half-burnt fagots, the remains of a fire no doubt left by a party of Indian hunters, who had also spent a night there. With these they were enabled to boil their kettle, and make a *maté* of their favorite *yerba* tea; while the "knuckle" of mutton and some cakes of corn bread still left, needed no cooking. It is after all this was over, and they had been some time conversing on the many strange incidents which occurred to them throughout the day, that they became aware of the flood having fallen, and escape from their rock-bound prison possible. Then succeeded the discussion recorded.

At its termination, as nothing more can be done, and all feeling fatigued, to go to rest is naturally the next move. Their horses have already been attended to by the removal of the riding gear, while some rough grass found growing against the cliff, near the cave's entrance outside, has been cut and carried in to them.

A slight grooming given to the animals, and it but remains to make their own beds. This done, by simply spreading their *jergas* and *caronillas* along the flinty stalagmites, each having his own *recado* for a pillow. Their ponchos, long since pulled apart, and the dust cuffed out of them, are to serve for what they really are—blankets; a purpose to which at night they are put by all gauchos and most Argentinos—as much as they are used during daytime for cloak or great-coat.

Each wrapping himself up in his own, all conversation ceases, and sleep is sought with closed eyes. This night it is found by them in a succession somewhat changed. As on that preceding, Ludwig is first asleep; but almost instantly after it is Gaspar, not Cypriano, who surrenders to the drowsy god; filling the hollow cavity with his snoring, loud as that often heard to proceed from the nostrils of a tapir. He well knows they are safe within that rock-bound chamber; besides that he is tired dead down with the day's exertion; hence his so soon becoming oblivious.

Cypriano is the last to yield. But he, too, at length gives way, and all is silent within the cavern, save the "crump-crump" of the horses munching their coarse provender, with now and then a hoof striking the hard rock. But louder than all is that raucous reverberation sent up by the slumbering gaucho.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE "SACRED TOWN."

WHILE the pursuing party is peacefully reposing upon the stalagmites of the cavern, that pursued reaches its destination—the "Sacred Town" of the Tovas.

The *tolderia*, so named, stands upon a level plain, near the shore of a large and beautiful lake, whose numerous low-lying islets, covered with a thick growth of the *morichi*, have the appearance of palm-groves growing direct out of the water itself.

A belt of the same stately trees borders the lake all around, broken here and there by projecting headlands; while away over the adjacent *campo*, on the higher and drier ground, are seen palms of other and different species, both fan-leaved and pinnate, growing in copses or larger "montes," with evergreen shrubs and trees of deciduous foliage interspersed.

At some three or four hundred yards from the lake's edge, a high hill rises abruptly above the plain—the only elevation within many miles. Thus isolated, it is visible from afar, and forms a conspicuous feature of the landscape; all the more remarkable on account of its singular shape, which is the frustum of a cone. Though its sides are of steep pitch, they are thickly wooded to the summit; trees of large size standing upon its table-like top. But something more than trees stand there; the scaffolds upon which are laid the bodies of the Tovas dead; hundreds of which may be seen in all stages of decay, or shriveled and desiccated by the dry winds and sun of the Chaco till they resemble Egyptian mummies. For it is the "Cemetery Hill," a spot hallowed in the hearts of these Indians, and so giving the title of "Sacred" to this particular place, as the town adjacent to it. The latter is situated just under the hill, between its base and the shore of the lake. No grand city, as might be supposed from such a high-sounding name, but simply a collection of palm and bamboo *toldos*, or huts, scattered about without any design or order; each owner having been left free to select the site of his frail tenement, since among the Tovas municipal regulations are of the simplest and most primitive character. True, some dwellings, grander and more pretentious than the common, are grouped around an open space; in the center of which is one much larger than any of the others, its dimensions equaling a dozen of them. This is not a dwelling, however, but the *Malocca*, or House of Parliament. Perhaps, with greater propriety, it might be called "Congress Chamber," since, as already hinted at, the polity of the Tovas tribe is rather republican than monarchical.

Strange, as sad, that in this republic of red-skins, and so-called savages, should exist the same political contradiction as among some other republican communities, having the name of civilized. For although themselves individually free, the Tovas Indians do not believe in the doctrine that all men should be so; or, at all events, they do not act up to it. Instead, their practice is the very opposite, as shown by their keeping numbers of slaves. Of these they have hundreds, most of them being Indians of other tribes, their enemies, whom they have made captive in battle. But to the Tovas master it signifies little what be the color of his bondman's skin, whether white or red; and many of the former, women as well as men, may be seen doing drudgery in this same sacred town—its hewers of wood and drawers of water. These are also captives, the spoil of predatory incursions across the Salado into the settlements of Santiago, Salto and Tucuman.

Most of these slaves, employed in the care of cattle, live apart from their masters, in a sort of suburb, where the dwellings are of a less permanent character than the ordinary *toldos*, besides being differently constructed. They more resemble the tents, or wigwams, of the North American Indians; being simply a number of poles set in a circle, and tied together at the tops; the hides of horses covering them, instead of the buffalo-skins which serve a similar purpose on the northern prairies.

It may seem strange that captives with white skins, thus left unguarded, do not make their escape. But no; those so kept do not even seek or desire it. Long in captivity, they have become "Indianized," lost all aspirations for liberty, and grown contented with their lot; for the Tovas are not hard taskmasters.

On the night of that same day, when the *tormenta* overtook them, Aguara and his party approach the Sacrod Town, which is about twenty miles from the edge of the *salitral*, where the trail parts from the latter, going westward. The plain between is no more of saline or sterile character; but, as on the other side, showing a luxuriant vegetation, with the same picturesque disposal of palm groves and other tropical trees.

The hour is late—nigh to midnight—as the captive train passes under the shadow of the Cemetery Hill, making round to where the *tolderia* stands; for both lake and town are on the west side of the hill.

Well may the young cacique feel something of fear, his face showing it, as he glances up to that elevated spot where he so late laid the corpse of his father. Were that father living, he, the son, would not be passing there with the daughter of Ludwig Halberger as his captive. Even as it is, he can fancy the spirit of the deceased cacique hovering over the hill, and looking frowningly, reproachfully, down upon him!

As if to escape from such imaginary frowns, he gives the lash to his horse; and setting the animal into a gallop, rides on alone—having first placed the captive under the charge of one of his followers.

On reaching the *tolderia*, however, he does not go direct to his own dwelling, which is the largest of those adjacent to the *malocca*. Nor yet enters he among the *toldos*; but, instead, makes a wide circuit around them, taking care not to awake those sleeping within. The place for which he is making is a sort of half hut, half cave, close to the base of the hill, with trees overshadowing, and a rocky background of cliff.

Arrived in front of this solitary dwelling, he dismounts, and, drawing aside the horse's skin which serves as a swing door, calls out:

"Shebotha!"

Presently a woman appears in the opening—if woman she could be called. For it is a hag of most repulsive appearance; her face half hidden by a tangle of long hair, black, despite old age indicated by a skin shriveled and wrinkled as that of a chameleon. Add to this a pair of dark-gray eyes, deep sunken in their sockets, for all gleaming brilliantly, and you have the countenance of Shebotha—sorceress of the Tovas tribe—one of cast as sinister as ever presented itself in a doorway.

She speaks not a word in answer to the friendly salutation of the cacique; but stands silent in bent, obeisant attitude, with her skinny arms crossed over her breast, as if waiting to hear what he would further say. His words are by way of command:

"Shebotha! I've brought back with me a captive—a young girl of the pale-faces. You must take charge of her, and keep her here in your hut. She's not yet come up, but will presently. So get things ready to receive her."

Shebotha but bends lower, with an inclination of the head, to imply that his instructions will be attended to. Then he adds:

"No one must see, or converse with her; at least, not for a time. And you mustn't admit any one inside your *toldo*, except the witless white creature, your slave. About him it don't signify. But keep out all others, as I know you can. You understand me, Shebotha?"

She makes answer in the affirmative, but as before, only by a nod.

"Enough!" is the young chief's satisfied rejoinder, as he vaults back upon his horse, and rides off to meet the captive train, which he knows must be now near.

That night, as for other nights and days succeeding, Francesca Halberger has this horrid hag for a hostess, or rather the keeper of her prison; since the unhappy girl is in reality kept and guarded as a prisoner.

CHAPTER XX.

PASTE AFTER POWDER.

LONG before daylight penetrates the interior of the cavern, or shows its first streak on the sky outside, the trackers are up and active.

A hasty breakfast is prepared; but, as the mutton bone is now quite bare, they have to fall back on another kind of flesh-meat, which the provident Gaspar has brought along. This is *charqui*, or as it is called by English-speaking people, "jerked beef;" in all likelihood a sailor's pseudonym, due to some slight resemblance between the English word "jerked," and the Guarani-Indian one *charqui*, as pronounced by South American people.

Charqui is simply beef cut into long, thin strips, then hung over a rope or rail, and exposed to a hot sun—in the absence of this, to fire—till the juices are thoroughly dried out of it. Thus prepared, it will keep for weeks, indeed months.

The reason for so preserving it, is the scarcity of salt, which in the districts where *charqui* prevails, is difficult to be got at; and, in consequence dear. Most of the beef imported from the La Plata, under the name of "jerked beef," is not *charqui*, but simply meat cured with salt.

Beef is preserved by a similar process throughout most parts of Spanish America, as in Mexico, and California, and for the same reason; but in these countries it is termed *tasajo*, and sometimes *cecina*.

Charqui is by no means a dainty viand; not nice either to the nose or palate. Those portions of it which have not had sufficient sun in the drying process, become tainted, and the odor is anything but agreeable. For all, it serves a purpose in those countries where salt is a scarce commodity; and cooked—as all Spanish Americans cook it—with a plentiful seasoning of onions, garlic, and chilé, the "gamey" flavor ceases to be perceptible. Above all, it is a boon to the traveler who has a long journey to make through the uninhabited wilderness, with no inns nor post-houses at which he may replenish his spent stock of provisions. Being dry, firm, and light, it can be conveniently carried in haversack, or saddle-bags.

By Gaspar's foresight, there is a packet of it in Ludwig's *alparejas*, where all the other provisions are stowed; and a piece cut from one of the strips, about the length of a Bologna sausage, makes breakfast for all three. Of the Paraguay tea they have a good store, the *yerba* being a commodity which packs in small space.

Their morning meal is dismissed with slight ceremony; and soon as eaten, they recaparison their horses; then leading them out of the cavern, mount, and are off.

As the *arroyo* has long since shrunk to its ordinary level, and the path along the base of the bluff is dry as when trodden by them in their rush for shelter from the storm, they have no difficulty in getting out. So on they ride up the steep acclivity to the cliff's crest; which last is on a level with the pampa itself.

But on reaching it, a sight meets their eyes—it is now daylight—causing a surprise to Ludwig and Cypriano; but to Gaspar something more—something akin to dismay. For the sage gaucho mentally sees further than either of his less experienced companions; and that now observed by him gives token of a new trouble in store for them. The plain is no longer a green grassy savanna, as when they galloped across it on the afternoon preceding, but a smooth expanse, dark brown in color, its surface glittering under the red rays of the rising sun, whose disk is as yet but half visible above the horizon!

"*Santos Dios!*" exclaims the gaucho, as he sits in his saddle, contemplating the transformation, to him no mystery. "I thought it would be so."

"How very strange!" remarks Ludwig.

"Not at all strange, *señorito;* but just as it should be, and as we might have expected."

"But what has caused it?"

"Oh, cousin," answers Cypriano, who now comprehends all. "Can't you see? I do."

"See what?"

"Why, that the dust has settled down over the plain; and the rain coming after, has converted it into mud."

"Quite right, Señor Cypriano," interposes Gaspar; "but that isn't the worst of it."

Both turn their eyes upon him, wondering what worse he can allude to. Cypriano interrogates:

"Is it some new danger, Gaspar?"

"Not exactly a danger, but almost as bad; a likelihood of our being again delayed."

"But how?"

"We'll no longer have track or trace to guide us, if this abominable sludge extend to the river; as I daresay it does. There we'll find the trail blind as an owl at noontide. As you see, the thing's nearly an inch thick all over the ground. 'Twould smother up the wheel-ruts of a loaded *carreta*."

His words, clearly understood by both his young companions, cause them renewed uneasiness. For they can reason, that if the trail be obliterated, their chances of being able to follow the route taken by the abductors will be reduced to simple guessing; and what hope would there be searching that way over the limitless wilderness of the Chaco?

"Well?" says Gaspar, after they had remained for some moments gazing over the cheerless expanse which extends to the very verge of their vision, "it won't serve any good purpose, our loitering here. We may as well push on to the river, and there learn the worst—if worst it's to be. *Vamonos!*"

With this, the Spanish synonym for "Come along!" the gaucho gives his horse a dig in the ribs, with spur rowels of six inches diameter, and starts off at a swinging pace, the others after.

And now side by side go all three, splashing and spattering through the mortar-like road, which, flung up in flakes by their horses' hoofs, is scattered afar in every direction.

Half an hour of quick cantering brings them back upon the Pilcomayo's bank; not where they had parted from it, but higher up, near the mouth of the *arroyo*. For Gaspar did not deem it necessary to return to that prophetic tree, whose forecast has proved so unfailing. To have gone back thither would have been a roundabout of several miles, since they had made a cross-cut to reach the cavern; and as on the way they had seen nothing of the Indian trail, it must needs have continued up the river.

But now, having reached this, they cannot tell; for here, as on all the plain over which they have passed, is spread the same coating of half-dried dirt, fast becoming drier and firmer as the ascending tropical sun, with strengthened intensity, pours his hot beams upon it. It has smothered up the Indians' trail as completely as if snow several inches deep lay upon it. No track there, no sign to show, that either horses or men ever passed up the Pilcomayo's bank.

"*Caspita!*" exclaims the gaucho, in spiteful tone. "It is as I anticipated; blind as an old mule with a *tapojo* over its eyes. May the fiends take that *tormenta!*"

CHAPTER XXI.

STOPPED BY A "RIACHO."

FOR a time the trackers remain at halt, but without forsaking their saddles, pondering upon what course they should pursue, or rather, what direction they ought to take.

Only a short while are they undecided. It seems good as certain that the Indians have kept to the river, for some distance further on, at all events. Therefore, it will be time enough to enter upon a more prolonged deliberation, when they come to a point where this certainty ceases. Thus reflecting, they start off afresh, with their horses' heads as before.

Going at good speed as ever, in a few minutes they arrive at the confluence of the *arroyo* with the greater river; the former here running between banks less "bluffy" than above, where it passes the cavern. Still they are of sufficient elevation to make a sharp descent toward the channel of the stream, and a corresponding ascent on its opposite side. But instead of an impediment, the trackers find this an advantage; giving them evidence that the Indians have gone across the *arroyo*. For their horses' tracks are distinctly traceable on the steep faces of both banks; the dust either not having settled there, or been washed off by the rain which fell after.

Without difficulty they themselves ride across; for the rapid-running stream has returned to its ordinary dimensions, and is now quite shallow, with a firm gravelly bed. Once on its western side, however, and up to the level of the *campo* beyond, they are again at fault; in fact, have reached the point spoken of where all certainty is at an end. Far as they can see before them, the surface is smeared with mud, just as behind, and no sign of a trail visible anywhere. Like enough the Indians have still continued on along the river, but that is by no means sure. They may have turned up the *arroyo*, or struck off across the pampa, on some route known to them, and perhaps leading more direct to whatever may be their destination.

It is all conjecture now; and upon this they must rely. But the weight of probability is in favor of the pursued party having kept to the river, and Gaspar is of this opinion. After riding some distance up the western bank of the *arroyo*, and seeing no trail or track there, he again returns to where they had crossed, saying:

"I think we may safely stick to the river. I'm acquainted with its course for at least thirty leagues further up. At about half that distance from here it makes a big elbow, and just there, I remember, an old Indian path strikes off from it, to cross a *traveria*. Ha! that's good as sure to be the route these red-skins have taken. For now I think of it, the path was a big, broad road, and must have been much traveled by Indians of some kind or other. So, *muchachos*, we can't do better than keep on to where it parts from the water's edge. Possibly on the *traveria*, which chances to be a *salitral* as well, we may find the ground clear of this detestable stuff, and once more hit off the *rastro* of these murderous robbers."

His young companions, altogether guided by his counsels, of course offer no objection; and off they again go up the bank of the broad deep river.

Nor less swiftly do they speed, but fast as ever. For they are not impeded by the necessity of constantly keeping their eyes upon the earth, to see if there be hoof-marks on it. There are none; or if any, they are not distinguishable through the thick stratum of slime spread over all the surface. But although going at a gallop, then do not get over much ground; being every now and then compelled to pull up—meeting obstructions they had not reckoned upon. These in the shape of numerous little streamlets, flowing into the river, most of them still in freshet from the late rain. One after another they ford them, none being so deep as to call for swimming. But they at length come upon one of greater depth and breadth than any yet passed, and with banks of such a character as to bring them to a dead stop, with the necessity of considering whether it can be crossed at all. For it is a water-course of the special kind called *riachos*, resembling the *bayous* of Louisiana, whose sluggish currents run in either direction, according to the season of the year, whether it be flood-time, or during the intervals of drought.

At a glance, Gaspar perceives that the one now barring their onward progress is too deep to be waded; and if it be possible to pass over it, this must be by swimming. Little would they regard that, nor any more would their animals; since the pampas horse can swim like an otter, or *capivara*. But, unfortunately, this particular *riacho* is of a kind which forbids even their swimming it; as almost at the same glance, the gaucho observes, with a grunt expressing his discontent. On the stream's further shore, the bank, instead of being on a level with the water surface, or gently shelving away from it, rises abruptly to a hight of nigh six feet, with no break, far as can be seen, either upward or downward. Any attempt to swim a horse to the other side, would result in his being penned up, as within the lock-gates of a canal!

It is plainly impossible for them to cross over there; and, without waiting to reflect further, the gaucho so pronounces it; saying to the others, who have remained silently watching him:

"Well, we've got over a good many streams in our morning's ride, but this one beats us. We can't set foot on the other side—not here, at all events."

"Why?" demands Cypriano.

"Because, as you can see, *señorito*, that water's too deep for wading."

"But what of that? We can swim it; can't we?"

"True, we could; all that and more, so far as the swimming goes. But once in there, how are we to get out again? Look at yonder bank. Straight up as a wall, and so smooth a cat couldn't climb it, much less our horses; and no more ourselves. If 'twere a matter of wading, we might; but, as I can see, all along yonder edge it's just as deep as in mid-stream; and failing to get out, we'd have to keep on plunging about, possibly in the end to go under. *Caramba!* we mustn't attempt to make a crossing here."

"Where then?" demands Cypriano, in torture at this fresh delay, which may last he knows not how long.

"Well," rejoins the gaucho, reflectingly, "I think I know of a place where we may manage it. There's a ford, which can't be very far from this; but whether it's above or below, for the life of me I can't tell, everything's so changed by that detestable *tormenta*, and the ugly coat of plaster it has laid over the plain! Let me see," he adds, alternately turning his eyes up stream and down, "I fancy it must be

above; and now I recollect there was a tall tree, a *quebracha*, not far from the ford. Ha!" he exclaims, suddenly catching sight of it, "there's the bit of timber itself! I can tell it by that broken branch on the left side. You see that, don't you, *hijos mios?*"

They do see the top of a solitary tree with one branch broken off, rising above the plain at about two miles' distance; and they can tell it to be the well-known species called *quebracha*—an abbreviation of *quebrahacha*, or "ax-breaker," so named from the hardness of its wood.

"Whether it be by wading or swimming," Gaspar remarks in continuance, "we'll get over the *riacho* up yonder, not far from that tree. So, let's on to it, *señoritos!*"

Without another word, they all wheel their horses about, and move off in the direction of the *quebracha*.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FISH DINNER AT SECOND-HAND.

As they make toward the tree, which has erst served others than themselves as a guide to the crossing-place, the nature of the ground hinders their going at great speed. Being soft and somewhat boggy, they are compelled to creep slowly and cautiously over it.

But at length they get upon a sort of ridge slightly elevated above the general level, though still unsafe for fast traveling. Along this, however, they can ride abreast, and without fear of breaking through.

As they proceed onward, Gaspar gives them some further information about the ford they are making for.

"We can easily wade it," he says, "if this awkward and ill-timed dust-storm hasn't changed it, as everything else. When poor dear master and I went across—that would be about six months ago—the water wasn't quite up to our stirrups; but, like as not, last night's down-pour has raised it too, and we'll have a swim for it. Well, that won't matter much. There, at all events, we can get the horses out: as the bank slopes off gently. So there'll be no fear of our being stuck or sent floundering in the stream. A regular Indian road crosses the *riacho* there, and has worn a rut running down to the channel on both sides."

His hearers are pleased at this intelligence; Cypriano signifying so by the laconic rejoinder:

"*Esta bueno.*"

Then follows an interval of silence; after which Gaspar, as if some new thought had occurred to him, suddenly exclaims:

"*Santos Dios!* I'd forgotten that."

"Forgotten what?" both inquire, with a surprised, but not apprehensive look; for the gaucho's words were not in this tone.

"Something," he answers, "which we ought to find at this very crossing-place. A bit of good luck it's being here.

"And what do you expect from it?" questions Cypriano.

"I expect to learn whether we're still on the right track, or have strayed away from it. We've been going by guesswork long enough; but, if I don't greatly mistake we'll there see something to tell us whether our guesses have been good or bad. If the red-skins have come up the river at all, it's pretty sure they also have crossed the *riacho* at this very ford, and we should there see some traces of them. Sure to find them on the sloping banks, as we did by the *arroyo*. That will count a score in our favor."

By the time he has ceased speaking, they have reached the *quebracha;* and, soon as under its shadow, Gaspar again reins up, telling the others to do the same. It is not that he has any business with the beacon tree, as with that which served them for a barometer; but simply, because they are once more within sight of the stream—out of view since they left its bank below. The ford is also before their eyes, visible over the tops of some low bordering bushes.

But what has now brought the gaucho to a stop is neither the stream nor its crossing-place; but a flock of large birds wading about on the water, at the point where he knows the ford to be. Long-legged creatures they are, standing as on stilts, and full five feet high, snow-white in color, all but their huge beaks, which are jet-black, with a band of naked skin around their necks, and a sort of a pouch like a pelican's, this being of bright scarlet. For they are *garzones soldados*, or "soldier-cranes," so called from their red throats bearing a fancied resemblance to the facings on the collar of a soldier's coat, in the uniform of the Argentine States.

"*Bueno!*" is the pleased exclamation which proceeds from the gaucho's lips, as he sits contemplating the cranes. "We shan't have any swimming to do here; the rain don't seem to have deepened the ford as much as a single inch. You see those long-legged gentry; it barely wets their feet. So much the better, since it insures us against getting our own wetted, with our baggage to the boot. Stay!" he adds, speaking as if from some sudden resolve, "let's watch the birds a bit. I've a reason."

Thus cautioned, the others hold their horses at rest, all with their eyes fixed upon the soldier-cranes; which still unconscious of intruders in such close proximity, continue the occupation in which they were engaged when first seen—that of fishing.

Every now and then one darts its long bayonet-like beak into the water, invariably drawing it out with a fish between the mandibles; this, after a short convulsive struggle, and a flutter or two of its tail fins, disappearing down the crane's capacious throat.

"Having their breakfast," observes the gaucho, "or, I should rather call it dinner," he adds, with a glance upward to the sky. "And the hight of that sun reminds me of it's being high time for us to do something in the same line, if I hadn't been already reminded of it by a hollow I feel here." He places his spread palm over the pit of his stomach, and then continues: "So we may as well dine now; though, sad to say, we haven't a morsel to make a meal upon but that juiceless *charqui*. *Santissima!* what am I thinking about? I verily believe my brains have got bemuddled, like everything else. Nothing but *charqui*, indeed! Ha! we'll dine more daintily, if I know what's what. Here, *señoritos!* back your horses behind those bushes. Quick, gently."

While speaking, he turns his own out of the path, and rides crouchingly to the rear of the bushes intimated, thus putting a screen between himself and the soldier-cranes.

Following his example, the others do likewise, but without the slightest idea of what he is going to be after next.

Cypriano inquiring, receives the very unsatisfactory answer:

"You'll see."

And they do see; first himself dismounting and tying his bridle to a branch; then detaching his lazo from its ring in the saddle-tree, and carefully adjusting its coils over his left arm. This done, he separates from them, as he walks away, speaking back in a whisper:

"Keep your ground, young masters, till I return to you, and if you can help it, don't let the horses make any noise, or budge an inch. For yourselves, *silencio!*"

As they promise all this, he parts from them, and is soon out of sight; their last glance showing him to be making for the ford, going with bent body and crouched gait, as cat or cougar stealing upon its prey.

For some ten minutes or so, they neither see nor hear more of him; and can only conjecture that the design he has so suddenly conceived has something to do with the *garzones*. So believing, curiosity prompts them to have another peep at these piscatory birds, which by standing up in their stirrups—for they are still seated in the saddle—they can. Looking over the tops of the bushes, they see that the cranes continue fishing undisturbed, and seemingly unaware of an enemy being near or that danger threatens them.

But not much longer are they left to enjoy this feeling of security. While the two youths are still regarding them, first one, then another, is observed to elevate its head to the full hight of its long slender neck; while here and there throughout the flock are heard cries of warning or alarm; the frightened ones letting fall the fish already in their beaks, while those not quite so much scared, suddenly swallow them. But in another instant, all, as if by one impulse, give out a simultaneous scream; then, rising together, spread their broad, sail-like wings, and go flapping away.

No, not all. One stays in the *riacho;* no longer to look after fish, but with both wings outspread over the surface of the stream, beating the water into froth—as it does so, all the while drawing nearer and nearer to the nether bank! But its movements are convulsive and involuntary, as can be told by something seen around its neck resembling a rope. And a rope it is; the youths knowing it to be the *lazo* they late saw coiled over Gaspar's arm, knowing also that he is at the other end of it. He is hauling it in, hand over hand, till the captured bird, passing under the high bank, disappears from their view.

Soon, however, to reappear; but now carried under the gaucho's arm.

He cries out as he approaches them:

"*Viva! muchachitos!* Give me congratulation, as I intend giving you a good dinner. If we can call *charqui* flesh, as I suppose we must, then we shall have fish, flesh and fowl, all the three courses. So we'll dine sumptuously, after all."

Saying which, he draws out his knife, and cuts open the crane's crop, exposing to view several goodly-sized fish, fresh as if just cleared from a draw-net!

In ten minutes after they are frizzling over a fire; in twenty more, to be stowed away in other stomachs than that of the soldier-crane.

[TO BE CONTINUED—COMMENCED IN NO. 1.]

THE BALL-PLAYER'S LAST SONG.

The melancholy days have come,
  The saddest of the year,
When those who tread the diamond-field
  No longer toss the sphere;

No longer seize the springy ash
  And, nerved to do or die,
Hit for a triple-bagger hard,
  To perish on a fly.

No more the umpire's "Out at home"
  Makes some great slider blue,
No more the blank-faced crowd is moved
  To blank the umpire, too.

No more the scorer sees a muff,
  And marketh down the same,
To be informed he'd better learn
  A little of the game.

No more the manager revolves
  Advance dates in his mind,
And figures on the rain 'twill take
  To run the club behind.

No meals at big hotels; no flowers;
  No picnics to remember;
No compliments; no shy, sweet looks—
  As Hood would say—November.

A Youth of Nerve.

WHILE Murat was in Madrid, he was anxious to communicate with Junot in Portugal, but all the roads to Lisbon swarmed with guerrillas, and with the troops composing Castano's army. Murat mentioned his embarrassments to Baron Strogonoff, the Russian ambassador to Spain. Russia was at that time not only the ally, but the friend of France. M. De Strogonoff told Murat that it was the easiest thing in the world. "Admiral Siniavin," said he, "is in the port at Lisbon; give me the most intelligent of your Polish lancers: I will dress him up in a Russian uniform, and intrust him with the dispatches for the admiral: all will go well, even if he should be taken prisoner a dozen times between this and Lisbon, for the insurgent army is so anxious to gain our neutrality that it will be careful not to furnish a pretext for rupture."

Murat was delighted with this ingenious scheme. He asked Kransinski, the commandant of the lancers, to find him a brave and intelligent young man. Two days afterward the commandant brought the prince a young man of his corps, for whom he pledged his life; his name was Leckinski, and he was but eighteen years old.

Murat was moved at seeing so young a man court so imminent a danger; for, if he were detected, his doom was sealed. Murat could not help remarking to the Pole the risk he was about to run. The youth smiled. "Let your imperial highness give me my instructions," answered he, respectfully, "and I will give a good account of this mission I have been honored with. I thank his highness for having chosen me from my comrades, for all of them would have courted this distinction."

The prince argued favorably for the young man's modest resolution. The Russian embassador gave him his dispatches, he put on a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal. The first two days passed quietly, but on the afternoon of the third, Leckinski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards, who disarmed him, and dragged him before the commanding officer. Luckily for the gallant youth it was Castanos himself.

Leckinski was aware that he was lost if he were discovered to be a Frenchman, consequently he determined, on the instant, not to let a single word of French escape him and to speak Russian and German, which he did with equal fluency. The cries of rage of his captors announced the fate which awaited him, and the horrible murder of General Rene, who had perished in the most dreadful tortures only a few weeks before, as he was going to join Junot, was sufficient to freeze the very blood.

"Who are you?" said Castanos in French, which language he spoke perfectly well, having been educated in France.

Leckinski looked at the questioner, made a sign, and answered in German:

"I do not understand you."

Castanos spoke German, but he did not wish to appear personally in the matter, and summoned one of the officers of the staff, who went on with the examination. The young Pole answered in Russian or German, but never let a syllable of French escape him. He might, however, easily have forgotten himself, surrounded as he was by a crowd eager for his blood, and waiting with savage impatience to have him declared guilty, that is, a Frenchman, to fall upon him and murder him. But their fury was raised to a hight which the general himself could not control, by an accident which seemed to cut off the unhappy prisoner from every hope of escape. One of Castanos's aids-de-camp, one of the fanatical patriots who were so numerous in this war, who from the first had denounced Leckinski as a French spy, burst into the room, dragging with him a man wearing a brown jacket, tall hat and red plume of a Spanish peasant.

The officer soon fronted him with the Pole, and said:

"Look at this man, and then say, if it is true that he is a German or Russian. He is a spy, I swear by my soul."

The peasant, meanwhile, was eying the prisoner closely. Presently his dark eyes lighted up with the fire of hatred.

"He is a Frenchman!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands. And he stated that having been in Madrid a few weeks before, he had been put in requisition to carry forage to the French barrack; "and," said he, "I recollect that this man took my load of forage, and he gave me a receipt. I was near him an hour, and recollect him. When we caught him, I told my comrade this is the French officer I delivered my forage to."

This was correct. Castanos probably discerned the true state of the case, but he was a generous foe. He proposed to let him pursue his journey, for Leckinski still insisted he was a Russian, and he could not be made to understand a word of French. But the moment he ventured a hint of that kind, a thousand threatening voices were raised against him, and he saw that clemency was impossible.

"But," said he, "will you then risk a quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality we are so anxiously asking for?"

"No," said the officer, "but let us try this man."

Leckinski understood all, for he was acquainted with Spanish. He was removed, thrown into a room worthy to have been one of the dungeons of the Inquisition in its worst days.

When the Spaniards took him prisoner he had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and when his dungeon door closed on him he had fasted eighteen hours; no wonder, then, what with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety, and the agony of his dreadful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost senseless on his hard couch. Night soon closed in and left him to realize, in his gloom, the full horror of his situation. He was brave, of course, but to die at eighteen—so suddenly! But youth and fatigue finally yielded to the approach of sleep, and he was soon buried in profound slumber.

He had slept perhaps two hours, when the door of his dungeon opened slowly, and some one entered with cautious steps, hiding with his hand the light of a lamp; the visitor bent over the prisoner's couch, the hand that shaded the lamp touched him on the shoulder, and a sweet and silvery voice—a woman's voice—asked him:

"Do you want to eat?"

The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the touch and words of the female, rose up on his couch and, with his eyes only half-opened, said in German: "What do you want?"

"Give the man something to eat at once," said Castanos, when he heard the result of the first experiment, "and let him go. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have been so far master of himself? The thing is impossible."

But though Leckinski was supplied with food he was detained a prisoner. The next morning he was taken to a spot where he could see the mutilated corpse of the Frenchman who had been cruelly massacred by the peasantry of Truxillo, and he was threatened with the same death. But the noble youth had promised not to fail, and not a word, not an accent, not a gesture or look betrayed him.

Leckinski, when taken back to the prison, hailed it with joy; for twelve hours he had nothing but gibbets and death, in its most horrid forms, before his eyes, exhibited to him by men with the looks and passions of demons. He slept, however, after the harassing excitement of the day, and soundly, too; when in the midst of his deep and deathlike slumbers, the door opened gently, some one drew near the couch, and a voice whispered in his ear:

"Arise and come with me. We wish to save your life. Your horse is ready."

And the brave young man, hastily awakened by the words, "We wish to save your life, come," answered still in German:

"What do you want?"

Castanos, when he heard of this experiment and its result, said the Russian was a noble young man; he saw the true state of the case.

The next morning early four men came to take him before a sort of court-martial, composed of officers of Castanos's staff. During the walk they uttered most horrible threats against him; but, true to his determination, he pretended not to understand them.

When he came before his judges he seemed to gather what was going on from the arrangements of the tribunal, and not from what he heard said around him, and he asked in German where his interpreter was. He was sent for and the examination began.

It turned at first upon the motive of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He answered by showing his dispatches to Admiral Siniavin and his passport. Spite of the presence and vehement assertion of the peasant, he persisted in the same story, and did not contradict himself once.

"Ask him," said the presiding officer, at last, "if he loves the Spaniards, as he is not a Frenchman?"

The interpreter put the question.

"Certainly," said Leckinski, "I like the Spanish nation; "I esteem it for its noble character; I wish our two nations were friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter to the president, "the prisoner says he hates us because we make war like banditti: that he despises us, and that his only regret is that he cannot unite the whole nation as one man, so as to end this odious war at a single blow.

While he was saying this, the eyes of the whole tribunal were attentively watching the slightest movement of the prisoner's countenance, in order to see what effect the interpreter's treachery would have upon him. But Leckinski had expected to be put to the test in some way, and he was determined to baffle all their attempts.

"Gentlemen," said Castanos, "it seems to me that this young man cannot be suspected; the peasant must be deceived. The prisoner may pursue his journey, and, when he reflects on the peril of our position, he will find the severity we have been obliged to use excusable."

Leckinski's arms and dispatches were returned, he received a free pass, and thus this noble youth came victorious out of the severest trial that the human spirit could be put to.

The Antwerp Homing Pigeon.

(We give our readers the following interesting information on the Homing Pigeon from the notes of Mr. Van Opstal, the best known fancier of New York.)

IT is not known when carrier, or, as now generally called, homing pigeons, were first used to convey messages, but certainly it is of great antiquity. The Romans used them, and they were also employed in the same way in Asia. Tasso speaks of them at the siege of Jerusalem. During the siege of Paris they were used to convey messages beyond the German lines. Documents of great length were printed by micro-photography on films indestructible by water and weighing only a few grains, and these were frequently transmitted by the pigeons with perfect success. In this country before the date of the telegraph they were occasionally used to carry important messages.

The carrier pigeon is larger than the common pigeon. It measures about fifteen inches in length, and weighs about one and a quarter pounds. Mr. Opstal stated to us that the Belgian carrier weighs three-quarters of a pound, which thus seems to be a smaller bird than some of the other varieties. The neck of the carrier is long, and the pectoral or breast muscles are very large, indicating a power of vigorous and long-continued flight. An appendage of naked skin hangs across the bill and continues down on either side of the lower mandible or jaw. The value of the bird is determined in a great measure by the size and shape of this appendage. The best flyers have it rising high on the head and considerable width across the bill, and have also a wide circlet round the eyes destitute of feathers. It is the love of home which gives such swiftness and certainty to the flight of the carrier pigeon.

The method of training and flying differs. In Turkey the young pigeons are taken, as soon as they get full strength of wing, in a covered basket to a distance of half a mile from their home, and set at liberty, and if they fail to return they are rejected as of no further use. The distance may be increased to a thousand miles, and good birds will return with certainty to their homes. In England the birds are kept in a dark room for six hours, then fed sparingly, but allowed as much water as they will drink. When preparing for the long-distance races in this country, Mr. Opstal takes his birds to some place near New York and then liberates them, when they return to his house in Lewis street; then he goes to another place and they fly back to the second station, and in this manner station by station is familiarized to them, and they are used for a long flight. There are now more than eighty regular stations in the United States where gentlemen receive, properly care for, and liberate the Antwerp carrier pigeons. The younger the bird the better for training. When they can fly thirty miles any distance can be accomplished, but if the drill is unsatisfactory, birds of the best breed cannot be trusted.

When the bird is thrown up it rises to a good hight, and then flies round and round, evidently for the purpose of finding some well-known object. On discovering this it instantly darts away, and continues on the wing without stop or stay, unless prevented, till its home is reached. If no such landmark is seen the bird is lost. In storms and fogs they become bewildered, and sometimes are shot. Pigeons thrown from balloons have, after flying round and round without finding any known object, returned to the balloon. The best time of day for liberating pigeons for races to be decided within the same day is the very earliest hour of the morning which is accompanied by a favorable state of the atmosphere; for races extending over one day, the best time is about eleven in the morning. From May to September is the period for flying birds.

The Belgian carrier is a bird of mixed breed, but at the present time is esteemed beyond all others. Recently fifty-two of these birds made a journey of five hundred miles across the Alps, or nine hundred around them. The first prize bird, a hen, had two thousand francs, about $400, offered and refused for her. The female carriers lay every six weeks, which require eighteen days for hatching. Both parents take good care of the young. They are the best feeders of any of the variety of pigeons, and the birds grow up hardy and active. Their ordinary feed is round cracked corn, peas, wheat, buckwheat and hempseed. The favorite colors are blue, blue-checkered, silver and red-checkered. The house must be kept clean and well ventilated. They can be trained when three months old, and live on an average ten years, remaining good birds all the time. Some birds live to be twenty years old. They fly high in flocks of thirty to fifty birds. After some training near the house they are taken two and three miles, from point to point. One trial over the same ground is sufficient. The fastest time is a mile a minute. In this country, with a favorable wind and clear atmosphere, the fastest time has been a mile in four minutes, or only fifteen miles an hour.

During eight days in August last 20,800 pigeons in 520 hampers were sent by the Northern Railway for French stations. A recent young bird race brought together 1,200 birds, and in another, from Etampes to Brussels, 771 birds were started. At a sale of carrier-pigeons in England a single cock brought £14, or $70, and young birds brought $35 and $65. The whole sale realized $675. The common prices given for Belgian birds is from five to ten dollars per pair. Some will sell for twenty dollars. It will be seen from these facts that the pigeon is well worthy of study, and that the homing or carrier birds appeal by their intelligent instincts and usefulness to the special interest of man. Since 1873 Mr. Van Opstal has devoted all spare time that could be taken from his business to the rearing and flying of pigeons. He has imported the very best stock, and his experience has enabled him to breed very fine birds. The first carriers in this country were of the English breed, and were kept by Englishmen in Philadelphia. There are more carriers in that city than in any part of the United States.

Several races have taken place, most of them having been originated by Mr. Opstal. One race was from Steubenville, Ohio, to New York, 355 miles, which was successful, but in another from Columbus, Ohio, to New York, two famous birds, "Francis" Louis, belonging to Mr. L. Waefelaer, of Hoboken, and "Mercury," owned by Mr. Opstal, were lost in a race from Altoona, 235 miles, air line. Mr. Opstal's bird, "Jupiter," won the first prize. Another race originated by Mr. Opstal was to fly a number of birds 150 miles, air line, from different points in the West to Utica, Troy, Philadelphia and New York, but it was not satisfactory, as the territory was so large that entirely different winds prevailed, and the birds had not equal advantages.

A standing prize of $100 in gold is offered by Joseph M. Wade to the owner of the first homing pigeon in the United States or Canada that returns five hundred miles in a single flight. Additional prizes have been offered as follows: $50 gold, from L. Waefelaer; $25 gold from J. Van Opstal; $5 gold from Frank J. Kinney.

The New England Pigeon and Bantam Society proposes a race from Springfield during the summer of 1879 under its direction and management: It is proposed that the birds fly from Springfield to their homes wherever started, and to equalize matters it is intended to make several different classes, viz: 1st, for birds that fly only 50 miles and more than 25; 2d, birds that fly more than 50 and less than 100 miles; 3d, birds that fly 100 and less than 150 miles, and so on to accommodate the most distant entries. The night before the race all the birds members intend to race with to be brought to the society rooms in Springfield, and given into the custody of two deputized members (who have no birds in the race), and privately stamped with some mark known only to the two persons having them in charge. On the following morning these persons to toss the birds. The arrival of each bird is to be telegraphed to Springfield, together with the stamp on the bird's wing, which cannot be known by the owner until he actually sees it on his bird.

Rubber stamps, with silk and pad, are now manufactured for marking these and other valuable birds. In early times in sending a message the paper was fastened to the bird's neck or leg, but Mr. Opstal informs us that the custom now is to tie it to one of the tail-feathers.

News and Notes of the Day.

IN one week a Naples merchant fished up from the Mediterranean ten tons of coral.

A NIMROD in Ohio, Herkimer county, shot two bears right under the shadow of the village church.

THE Rush City *Post* says that Frank Hoar killed a she bear, weighing about 350 pounds, near that town. The fat on her back was five inches thick.

A FAMOUS man in the mines is Baldy Pike, the man that originated the proverb of "When I struck Laramy Plains, Laramy Peak was a hole in the ground."

LYDIA SQUINN, the last lineal descendant of the famous Indian King Phillip, is still living at Bedford, Mass., and although eighty-three years of age, is still bright and vigorous.

A LEOPARDESS in a circus at Davenport, Iowa, gave birth, recently, to a cub that was pretty enough to eat, and ate it ere it had arrived at the early age of five minutes.

AN Olean squirrel is credited with having carried off, in one week, thirty-two bushels of buckwheat and eight bushels of corn, and hid the same in a lot of sap buckets in the woods.

HENRY W. PAGE, of Gold Hill, is said to be a formidable rival to Carver and Bogardus. He recently shot at 1,000 glass-balls, and smashed 910 out of 1,000. He broke the first 100 without a miss.

JOHN KEEN, the champion bicycle rider of Great Britain, challenges any man in the United States, Canada, or Great Britain to ride from one to one hundred miles, for £100 to £5000 a side.

A FINE buck ran for many miles in front of an Erie express train a few days ago, and was then landed on the cow-catcher, dead. Its antlers are to adorn the head-light of the locomotive, run by Engineer Allen, which overtook the swift-footed animal.

THE young King of Spain is said to be far less nervous in regard to assassins than the old Emperor of Germany. The first has been fired at only once, while the Emperor—counting his imperial experience only—has been shot at three times, and hit once.

A REMARKABLE dwarf has been added to Barnum's show. Her name is Nellie Keeler, age 11 years, weight 12 pounds, and hight 25 inches. She was born of American parents near Logansport, Ind., is pretty, well-formed, and interesting in conversation.

JOSEPH, chief of the Nez Percés, is described as a man, who, by his distinguished bearing, would attract notice anywhere. He has a noble figure and a clean-cut, handsome face, with a bright, clear, expressive eye, and a quick, nervous manner, in strong contrast with the Indian's usual stolidity.

THE coral-fishers of Torre del Greco discovered, two years ago, a new coral bank around the Island of Sicily; but, being intruders, they were driven off by the Sicilians until a vessel of the royal navy was stationed near the spot to secure fair play, both parties taking the fishing by turns.

1. A FARMER of Washington county, Pa , aged eighty, married a girl of twenty. 2. The bride's elder brother had previously espoused the groom's only daughter. 3. The old gentleman, therefore, is his son-in-law's brother-in-law, and his wife is her sister-in-law's stepmother and her brother's stepmother-in-law, etc.

RATTLESNAKE JACK is an instructive Western character for Eastern boys to read about. He wore a buck-skin suit, carried a rifle, and told marvelous stories about fighting bears and Indians. He was the envy of Sacramento for a week; then he was arrested as a horse-thief, and evidence has since been found that he is a murderer.

A PORCELAIN watering pot, eighteen pairs of garters, a coffee filter, a black coat, six umbrella handles, a dozen corkscrews, fifty jars of mustard, a pair of pantaloons, a purse, a pair of tweezers for the beard, a pipe, a pair of corsets, a jack-in-a-box and a buggy are among the last lot of prizes in the French National Lottery advertised in the *Journal Officiel*.

FROM the 1st of May to the 1st of November, 203,157 foreigners entered Paris and were registered at hotels and lodging houses, 40 nationalities being recorded, while there were 1,674 "miscellaneous." There were 21,778 Germans, 13,573 residents of the United States, 58,916 English people, 8,510 Austrians, 28,830 Belgians, 10,004 Spaniards, 6,682 Dutch, 14,968 Italians, 5,725 Russians, and 11,980 Swiss.

A PANAMA newspaper tells the following story of the sagacity of a dog: "When the dog wishes to cross the river where alligators abound, he goes up the stream a great way and barks with all his might. The alligators go there and wait for his getting in to go across. The dog knows what he is about. When he sees from the number of snouts above water, that his enemies have all gathered to the feast, he runs down the bank as fast as he can and swims across before the alligators are aware of the trick that has been played upon them."

SOME twenty-five years ago David P. Texter, residing on the Massillon road, in Ohio, had in his possession a silver half dollar, made in the year 1828, and that being his natal year, he cut his name on it and thought to retain it as a relic. After several years, however, he paid it out one day by mistake, along with some other money, and for twenty years it took its course. Recently he sent his little daughter to Massillon on an errand, and upon her return home she gave him some change, and with it was the identical half dollar with his name cut on it.

GERMAN soldiers have of late had their fare greatly varied and improved without adding to its cost, as witness this bill of fare for one week: Sunday—Broth, roast beef and potatoes, with onion sauce. Monday—Breakfast, thickened soup; dinner, pork, potatoes and peas. Tuesday—Breakfast, Semolina broth; dinner, oatmeal gruel, beef, potatoes and cabbage. Wednesday—Breakfast, thickened soup; dinner, vegetable soup, meat, potatoes and beans. Thursday—Breakfast, Semolina broth; dinner, rice broth, beef and fried potatoes. Friday—Breakfast, thickened soup; dinner, fried bacon, potatoes and peas. Saturday—Breakfast, Semolina broth; dinner, oatmeal gruel, beef, potatoes and cabbage.

POPE LEO delights in the Italian sport of lark catching, and when Archbishop of Perugia had a rocolo. This is formed as follows: A sloping piece of ground is selected and round this a quantity of brushwood is placed. A number of nets about 15 feet high are placed round the brushwood, and at one end a small hut is erected to conceal the bird-catcher. A number of worms and insects are put upon the ground, and also some larks, which are tied by the foot, and the presence of which attracts others. When a large number of birds have alighted the bird-catcher rings a bell, which startles them as they are feeding, and before they have had time to fly away a string is pulled and the nets fall to the ground. Many are thus caught. A rocolo has been ordered for the Vatican.

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"*All out-door games, athletic sports, rowing, ball games, etc., OUGHT TO BE ENCOURAGED, for the sake of the health which they promote.*"—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Young Men's Societies.

THE love of society, while not peculiar to humanity, produces peculiar effects among men. A herd of deer are as easily slaughtered as one stag, but a society of men is stronger than the same number not united.

It can do better and more effective work, for the reason that a number of minds, bent on a common object, discover and remedy difficulties with which no single man can be expected to cope.

Young men see this as well as old ones, and we therefore have young men's clubs, as numerous as the sands of the sea. Schoolboys and collegians are always getting up such societies, and it is of them that we wish to say a few words at present, especially in regard to those which employ secret initiations, passwords, etc. We have been asked to give our opinion on secret societies in relation to young men, and can find no better opportunity than the present.

Ever since the first dawn of history we find records of benevolent societies, using confidential means by which their members can be recognized by each other, to prevent the intrusion of unworthy persons. These societies have risen and fallen, but have always been succeeded by others, because they appeal to an element common to all mankind—that of sympathy. The world-wide fame of Masonry, and the names of the great men who have belonged and still belong to its ranks, are too well known to require more than a passing comment. The fact that WASHINGTON was an enthusiastic Mason, and that most American Statesmen have been members of similar orders, has given a great impetus to benevolent societies in America, where their numbers are greater than in any other country. We have Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Foresters, Druids, etc., all similar in their aims, which are of the highest moral tone; while the Temperance "Bands of Hope," "Temples of Honor" and kindred organizations, show the strong nature of the tie that binds them together.

For a long time the youth of America have been cut off from the privileges of benevolent orders, though college and school societies have been numerous. The trouble with these last has been, that on account of their small size and independent aims, they have had no strength. Moreover, they have too frequently been made the means of perpetrating practical jokes by mock initiations.

It seems to us that what these societies now lack is a common bond of union, which shall join together the scattered efforts now making in thousands of villages, by directing them to a single aim. The secret signs of benevolent societies, as they now exist, are found to be safeguards against the intrusion of bad elements, and we see no reason why they should not serve the same purpose in School and College Societies. But we see clearly and repeat here that our School and College Societies of all kinds need a common bond of union. What that bond is we hope to suggest in future numbers.

Moderation in Exercise.

"SLOW and sure" is an old adage and a true one, which young men especially need to remember in their exercises and athletic games. It does not pay a young man to go into training for a ten-mile run and to win it in the presence of thousands of spectators, if he ends by laying the foundation of heart disease. Such cases are by no means uncommon, and young men cannot be too often warned of the danger of over-exertion. Dumb-bells and Indian clubs should be light, if they are expected to do good and increase the health of the user, for large muscles may be gained at the expense of vitality. The only exercise that never was known to injure a man's life is walking; and even that, if taken to excess, produces more or less lameness. On the whole, we advise our readers to study moderation in exercise if they hope to reap its utmost benefits.

Hare and Hounds.

APROPOS of our front page illustration and the jolly game it describes, the New York *Sun* says:

"Readers of 'Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby' need no introduction to the old English game of 'Hare and Hounds,' which Col. Kane and a few other Westchester men have recently introduced in the county north of us. It ranks next to football and cricket in excitement, and far exceeds them in healthful and enlivening exercise. It is an admirable substitute for people who cannot have real fox-hunting, and has the merits of cheapness and adaptability to any and all localities and circumstances. The essence of the game consists in the chase of two crack runners—the Hares—across fields, hedges, ditches, and woods innumerable until the goal is reached. The Hares carry with them a bag containing small pieces of white paper—the scent—which they are bound to distribute so as to leave a plain trail for their pursuers—the Hounds. The latter, on their part, must follow the scent, no matter where it leads, over walls, through brooks, and in whatever direction the Hares choose to take. Large clubs and associations have sprung up in various parts of England for the purpose of practicing this pastime. Not the least admirable feature of the game is that it excludes the bruisings and consequent bad spirit which too often find vent in football and similar sports.

Billiard Tournaments.

THE announcement of a grand international billiard tourney, to take place under the auspices of the Brunswick and Balke company, appears to give promise of something out of the ordinary professional track, inasmuch as the law prohibits pool-selling now, and the firm in question are bent upon having the contest for the prizes carried on in such form as to preclude the possibility of crooked work. If this can be done, then a new era in professional billiard playing will have been inaugurated. The amount of cash prizes will be $2,100. First prize, $1,200, and a handsome emblem representing the championship of the world: second, $500; third, $300; and fourth, $100. The games will be 600 points up, one played each afternoon and evening. Cooper Institute has been chosen for the sport, and will be fitted up so that every one can have a full view of the games.

Our Amateur Walkers.

THE following letter is one of a kind of which we expect to receive more soon.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29th, 1878.

MESSRS. ADAMS & CO.:

DEAR SIRS: Acting upon your suggestion, my brother and I took a walk on Thanksgiving Day from Philadelphia to Mount Holly, New Jersey. Our ages are respectively 16 and 18.

We left home at 6:25 A. M., Thursday; were at Market street Ferry at 6:35 (walked); were in Camden, 6:50; reached Merchantville, 7:40; Moorestown, 8:53; Hartford, 9:45; Mount Holly, 10:50. Having walked altogether about 20 miles in four hours without stopping, and with but one drink of water. Moorestown is nine miles from Camden.

I never walked over two miles in my life before on a stretch that I know of; that is, doing it on time. Do you think that it is fast walking, as the roads were muddy? I did not feel much tired when the journey was finished, and danced there afterward.

We are glad to receive this letter, because it shows that American boys, without training but *with* pluck, can do good work. This walk, executed by two boys, neither of whom had any previous experience, is quite remarkable, the distance to Mount Holly from the middle of Philadelphia being nearly twenty-two miles on the best maps. This, executed in four hours and a-half, is creditable to any, and more than creditable to perfectly untrained boys. The names of our young pioneers are Alexander K. and Samuel T. Kerr, and the tallest is only five feet six inches and weighs only a hundred and fifteen pounds. We should not be surprised to hear more of these young fellows before long in the walking way.

The Captain's Pigeons.

CAPT. BOGARDUS gave a shooting exhibition at the Brooklyn Driving Park on Thanksgiving Day, that was by no means as successful as his glass-ball feats, while it was much more cruel. He undertook to kill 75 pigeons out of 100, the first 50 to be shot from any of five traps at 25 yards rise; the rest double birds at 20 yards rise.

The attendance to see the marksman shoot was great, but the sport was decidedly poor. The pigeons would not fly well, and some even did not leave the trap. The captain got angry, and consequently missed many birds. The poor dumb creatures did not seem to know that they were let out to be murdered, and so were provokingly tame. Out of the first 50, Bogardus actually missed 14. Then came the double birds, and the enthusiastic reporters of the daily papers record the captain's progress in glowing language, as bird after bird was dropped dead or crippled within the bounds prescribed by the rules. Of the doubles he killed 39 birds and missed 11, so that the final score stood 75 killed and 25 missed in the 100, and Bogardus just saved his stakes. Altogether, we think it would be decidedly better for the captain to stick to shooting glass-balls for the future. They are sure to fly, and they cannot be tortured as pigeons can, The poor creatures that escaped from Bogardus only did so to be slaughtered by the dozens of so-called "sportsmen" who were waiting outside of the "bounds" for their opportunity. Altogether the captain's latest pigeon match, like the others that took place on the same day, was an exhibition of cruelty entirely unworthy of imitation.

Thanksgiving Day was prolific of these performances. There were amateurs at Morgan's, N. J., at Newark, Cortlandt Lake, N. Y., Williamsbridge, Westbrook, L. I., and other places. They slaughtered pigeons to their hearts' content, and probably not one of them gave a thought to the question of whether the pigeons enjoyed it. Of all "sports" so called, this is one of the most gratuitously brutal, and we are sorry that Mr. Bergh's agents were not able to prevent it, at least on public grounds, in New York State.

We speak by the card in this matter, our reporter having been present on the ground at the most numerously attended of these meetings. The way in which the poor pigeons that escaped the guns of the marksmen were slaughtered by the outsiders was particularly sickening, one man actually shooting at a pigeon not two feet from the muzzle of his gun. These occurrences, however, may have one good effect if they are exposed. They may make pigeon-shooting unfashionable. We hope they will.

Temperance in the Ball Field.

THE folly of liquor drinking by base-ball players is so glaring, and its demoralizing results are so plain, that we cannot conceive how any professional club Board of Directors or club Manager can allow the evil habit to exist in their team. Its damaging effects during the past season were very apparent, especially in International Club teams. Temperance should be as strictly enjoined and enforced in a professional base-ball team during the playing season as honest service if the full skill of each player is to be brought into play.

How many ball-players there are who, at match after match, are deluded into the notion that by drinking whisky in the midst of their game they thereby impart new vigor to their bodies, clear their judgment and sight, and inspirit them to greater endurance, when the undeniable fact is, that the liquor they drink does the very reverse of all these things, as it neither nourishes the system nor clears the sight; on the contrary, inflames the stomach, clouds the brain, and actually weakens the whole man.

That able American essayist, Mr. James Parton, had an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1868, which is one of the most convincing essays on the evils of liquor-drinking we have ever read. In fact, if any man can read it attentively, and not be thoroughly convinced of the injurious effects of alcoholic drinks on the healthy system, he must be either too weak to escape the rule of prejudice, or too much the slave of appetite to allow reason to have sway. Our object, in referring to the article in question, is to call the attention of those who train for athletic feats in general, and of the ball-playing fraternity in particular, to the worse than useless effects of alcoholic drinks—whether in the form of spirits, wine, or beer—in training, or as an incentive to extra exertion in any contest in which physical skill or physical endurance is required. Mr. Parton brings strong testimony to bear upon the point of the alleged invigorating qualities of alcoholic drinks. On this branch of his topic he says: "Every man that ever trained for a supreme exertion of strength knows that Tom Sayers spoke the truth when he said: 'I'm no teetotaler; but when I've any business to do, there's nothing like water and the dumb-bells.' Richard Cobden, whose powers were subjected to a far severer trial than a pugilist ever dreamed of, whose labors by night and day, during the corn-law struggle, were excessive and continuous beyond those of any other member of the House of Commons, bears similar testimony: 'The more work I have to do, the more I have resorted to the pump or the tea-pot.' I have a long list of references on this point; but in these boat-racing, prize-fighting days, the fact has become too familiar to require proof. One morning Horace Greeley, teetotaler, came to his office after an absence of several days, and found letters and arrears of work that would have been appalling to any man but him. He shut himself in at 10 A. M., and wrote steadily, without leaving the room, till 11 P. M.—thirteen hours. When he had finished he had some difficulty in getting downstairs, owing to the stiffness of his joints, caused by the long inaction; but he was as fresh and smiling the next morning as though he had done nothing extraordinary. Are any of us drinkers of wine and beer capable of such a feat? Then, during the war, when he was writing his history, he performed every day for two years two days' work—one from nine to four, on his book; the other, from seven to eleven, on the *Tribune;* and, in addition, he did more than would tire an ordinary man in the way of correspondence and public speaking. I may also remind the reader that Mr. Beecher, who, of all others in the United States, expends most vitality, both with tongue and pen, and who does his work with least fatigue and most gayety of heart, is another of Franklin's 'water Americans.'"

DANIEL O'LEARY.

CHAMPION WALKER OF THE WORLD.

DANIEL O'LEARY, now recognized as the champion walker, not only of America, but all the world, is an adopted citizen of this country, but by birth an Irishman. He gave his history to the world last spring, in the columns of the New York *Sun*, just before his departure for the Astley Tournament in London, where he made his reputation.

It seems that, like many another, he was first spurred to emulation by the doings of our native American champion, Edward Payson Weston. It was Weston's great walk from Portland to Chicago in 1867 that first excited public interest in American Pedestrianisms. Had Weston never started on that walk it is probable that O'Leary would have remained undistinguished save by a local reputation. As it is, by hard work, O'Leary has succeeded in beating Weston, but his career as a pedestrian can never be compared to that of the Rhode Islander for difficulty. When Weston started on his Portland walk he had to go across country in all weathers, exposed to the attempts of men who had bet against him, and who tried to frighten him off the road, or, failing that, to poison him. He had every one against him, and few for him. He was doing a new thing, and the chances were not in his favor. That he accomplished his feat was a grand triumph for American pluck. O'Leary, who had always been called a good walker among his friends, had the advantage of many previous contests for training purposes when he met and vanquished Weston at last. He was seven years younger, and eight pounds heavier, which are serious advantages in a contest between men over thirty years old. The difference between twenty-two and twenty-seven is rather in favor of the older man, but as between thirty-one and thirty-eight the case is very different. Daniel O'Leary was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1845, stands five feet eight and a half inches in his shoes, and weighs 146 pounds in walking trim. From the time when he first began to walk races in Chicago he has never lost an event, though in his first contest he suffered severely. It will give an idea of the difficulties of long-distance walking to learn from the champion that when this first match was over, although won, he found that he "knew nothing about walking" and that when he pulled off his walking shoes he brought away most of the skin of his feet and two of his nails with it. This was owing to improper shoes, which did not fit in the right way, and O'Leary says that he has hunted all over the country for perfect walking shoes ever since, without finding them till he struck a countryman, named McSwyny, in the Bowery, New York City. Since O'Leary's great London victory, McSwyny has therefore become famous as a maker of walking shoes and has more orders than he can fill.

The victory of O'Leary at the Astley Tournament is so well known now, that we need only recapitulate the leading facts. The Tournament was for a champion belt, offered by Sir John Astley to the man who could cover the greatest distance in six days on his own unassisted feet. O'Leary contended against the best walkers and runners in England, of whom Vaughan, Corkey and "Blower" Brown were the most remarkable. He tired them all out, and was declared winner, after covering 520 1-4 miles, in 139 hours, 6 minutes, 10 seconds. Vaughan, the best of his opponents, made 500 miles before he retired. Since that contest, which took place last spring, O'Leary's time has never been beaten, although the distance covered by him in six days has been excelled. Corkey won the second Astley tournament, a few weeks since, as we have before recorded, making 521 miles within the required time, and Napoleon Campana has done 521 miles and 54 feet inside of 141 hours. Still, no one has yet equaled O'Leary's distance in the same number of hours. Of course public interest just now will center on O'Leary chiefly in connection with his latest rival, Campana.

We publish in our athletic columns the details of the recent challenge and reply of the two men, which make it evident that there will be no "hippodroming," so-called—that is, sham contest—but that both are bent on accomplishing great feats. As for O'Leary, he announces his intention of going into regular training before his next walk, so as to do the best of which his frame is capable. Therefore we may expect that his London record will be left far behind.

In viewing the contestants, the chances must be confessed by Campana's best friends to be greatly in favor of the present champion. He is eleven years younger and perfectly healthy, while Campana is a man of forty-three, with two severe internal injuries already received, and varicose veins in his legs which break into open sores when strained severely by a walk. Under ordinary circumstances no one but madmen would back the older man, but his recent wonderful performance in Bridgeport shows that there is something in "Sport," behind all physical disability, which may yet land him a winner. That something is *courage* of the indomitable order. As O'Leary possesses this quality in an equal measure, the contest cannot fail to be in the highest degree interesting and exciting.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Special Notice.—THE YOUNG NEW YORKER is prepared to answer questions on all the subjects treated of in the paper. Competent writers have been engaged for our departments of sports, pastimes, athletics, etc., so that our readers may depend on correct information.

We shall be pleased to receive accounts from school and college clubs of contests in athletics of all sorts, of shooting and fishing excursions, whether of parties or of single persons, and to publish the same if of interest to our readers.

We will add some special requirements in reports of matches.

We want to know:

I. Place, name and date of match.
II. Conditions in full, rules, etc.
III. Prizes in order.
IV. Prize winners and their time, distance, or score, according to contest.
V. Description of match.

These topics should be in separate paragraphs, plainly written, especially as regards names and numbers. The description should be short.

For shooting contests at glass balls give always place, date, name of club, name of competition, kind of trap and balls used, distance of rise, boundary, rules governing, and weather.

N. B.—We do not undertake to decide wagers, nor to deal with anything involving the elements of gambling and betting in any form.

Address all communications to EDITOR YOUNG NEW YORKER, 98 William street, New York City.

☞ The publishers of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER will always be glad to receive and consider contributions from authors of well-known reputation on subjects suitable for, and congenial to, boys and young men. Such contributions will be given early attention, and early use when found available.

JOSH KANE, Nashua, N. H., wants to know if boys ever go on whaling voyages, and if they are made good sailors thereby? ANSWER. Boys of less than eighteen, unless very strong and active, are not welcome on board whalers. If they are both, and have good temper and courage, they get on, but the life is very hard. They become good sailors if they stick to it.

ADD writes from Brooklyn: "I am a reader of your valuable paper; and looking through its columns, find every thing that boys care about, except bird-traps and snares. Hope you will find place for one in the columns of your paper." ANSWER. We shall very soon have a good series of articles on these subjects; also, on camping out—how and where to do it.

J. S. A. writes: "I am captain and coxswain of a four-oared barge. All of the crew not over eighteen. What I want to know is this: 1st. Where can I get a book on rowing and training. 2d. A map of the North and East rivers. 3d. And rowing shirts and caps?" ANSWER. 1. Send 10 cents to office YOUNG NEW YORKER and we will send you a manual. 2. At J. H. Colton & Co., map-makers, N. Y. City. 3. Any sporting goods emporium.

S. L. N. writes: "Would like to know through your correspondents' column: 1. How old a person has to be before he can enter the navy. 2. Whether a Congressman can appoint a person as midshipman. 3. How many he can appoint during his term of office; and 4. Whether this privilege of appointment is confined to Congressmen only?" ANSWER. 1. Fourteen, if he ships before the mast, but seventeen if he enters Annapolis. 2. Yes. 3. One each year from his district. 4. No. The President has the appointment of twenty cadets "at large," so called, every year.

ADDISON PEASE, Newark, N. J., asks: "Can I get to be a good flutist by getting a book of instruction and studying and practicing by myself; or, ought I to have a master, to become a good player?" ANSWER. You can learn to play the flute from books if you have great patience and perseverance, but you will get on quicker and better with a master. The principal use of a master is to spur on his pupils to constant work and help them over difficulties which books cannot mention, because no two pupils are alike in every respect. Our advice is to begin with the book and take a master to finish you.

JACOB PUGMEIER Tuckahoe, N. Y., wants to know who is Oliver Optic, the great story writer? ANSWER. Mr. William T. Adams, better known as "Oliver Optic," is an old resident of Boston, and a member of the great Adams family, which has already given two Presidents to the United States. He is fifty-five years of age, and has written more boys' books than any man now living, except, perhaps, Capt. Mayne Reid, having published 74 volumes, of which more than a million copies have been sold. We have in hand for early use, written specially for THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, the best story Oliver Optic ever produced, and our boy readers will be delighted with it.

JAMES HARGREAVES, Portland, Me., wants to know if it is not true that the Arabian horse is the swiftest and best in the world? ANSWER. It was true two hundred years ago, but the first rank in horseflesh now belongs to the "thoroughbred," so-called, and has fluctuated in different years between England, France and America, as decided by the races of the years in question. A "thoroughbred" horse is one whose pedigree is to be found in the English, French or American "Stud Books," official publications of the National Racing Associations of those countries. This is really the only test of a thoroughbred. If his name, birth and pedigree be not recorded in the Stud Books, he cannot be recognized as a true 'thoroughbred." When we come to examine the lineage of these horses in the Stud Books, we find one thing common to all. Without exception, they trace their origin to horses of Arabian blood, more or less corrupted. The Godolphin Barb, the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and two or three other horses of similar blood, are the ancestors of all our "thoroughbred" horses, the Godolphin horse being the most distinguished of all. Within the last fifty years, thoroughbreds have been raced against Arabians over and over again, short races and long, heavy weights and light, and have always beaten them. Therefore we may say that the Arab is no longer the swiftest horse in the world, but it is equally true that he has only been excelled by his own descendants, transferred to happier circumstances.

KIND WORDS.

WE continue to receive from our correspondents letters which indicate that they think THE YOUNG NEW YORKER has hit the nail on the head. Here are a few:

CHARLES K. writes: "You have just published what the Jersey boys want, and that is a boys' sporting paper. Please keep all those bad stories out, as there are in all *boys' papers;* but be sure to keep all Indian stories out. That is what makes the boys go out West (to kill Indians). I bought your paper as soon as I saw it, because I could tell it was a good paper right away."

A. F. ISLER, Red Jacket, Mich., says: "Being in the news business, that enterprising firm, The American News Co., sent me your paper on sale, and I must say, it sells—it pleases young and old, and is just what the boys want—something to elevate and induce them to be noble and true, as the Almighty intended they should be. As opportunity permits, I shall send in a little sketch now and then from this, the greatest copper and iron producing district in the world, the Lake Superior region, as it is commonly called. Wishing your paper the success it deserves, I close."

GEORGE A. ANNABLE writes from Brooklyn, N. Y.: "I want to thank you, in behalf of my acquaintances, for placing before the public a paper which has long been needed. We hope you will succeed in your undertaking. Myself and friends can now read something solid. The cuts on the other boys' papers were so large, and the titles were so silly, that I used to be ashamed to let people see me reading them. Receive our thanks and patronage."

THE *Laconia* (N. H.) *Journal* says: "We have before us THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, a boys' story paper and world of sport, published by Adams and Co., 98 William St., New York, which is one of the neatest looking papers, typographically, that it was ever our good fortune to see. Boys, it is just what you want, as it contains healthy reading, instead of the poisonous stuff usually found in so-called "boys' papers."

THE SKATER.

BY VICTOR MELVILLE.

I love to gallop on the road,
Or float along the tide;
To urge my horse to effort brave,
Or row on rivers wide.
I love to waltz about a room,
Some fairy girl beside;
But, oh, I love, the best of all,
On steely skates to glide!

I love to swim and float and dive—
To walk on ocean's floor;
I love to ramble on the sands
With her whom I adore.
I love aloft in a balloon
Like eagle vast to soar;
But, oh, I love, the best of all,
To skate the smooth ice o'er.

'Tis swimming, flying, both in one!
'Tis motion's keenest bliss!
The cold air on my glowing face
Is sweet as maiden's kiss.
The blood runs riot in my veins—
Such pleasure who would miss?
The heated ballroom, languid dance,
Who *could* compare with this?

The swallow, in her zig-zag flight,
Than I, could sooner tire;
I glide along the glassy pond
Like lightning o'er the wire;
Now here, now there, I rush and whirl,
And larger space require —— * * *
Oh, fish me from this air-hole, friends,
And dry me by the fire!

The Tiger Tamer:

OR,

THE LEAGUE of the JUNGLE

A TALE OF INDIA.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER STORM, CALM.

THE storm was over. It passed off as suddenly as it had come on, but all round the tank of Sultan Tippoo a scene of black desolation presented itself. Only the lofty teak trees were left standing, and they were frequently scorched to the very summits by the darting flames from the feathery bamboo thickets that had served as fuel to the flame. A broad swath of leveled trees told of the path of the tornado, following the side of a hill that overlooked the tank, and zigzagging to and fro like a worm fence. The shores of the tank were strewn with dead bodies of animals, and more than one of Charlton's troopers had been seriously hurt by the tempest. The rest, a disconsolate band, their clothing in tatters, their bodies, and those of their horses, covered with gashes from the sharp stones, presented a sorry appearance, as they searched along the shore for their commander. The lately dry ravine was now a foaming torrent, twenty feet deep in the center, and Charlton found that the log on which he, Luchmee and the leopard were floating, was about a hundred feet from the shore, toward which the current from the ravine was bearing it.

He felt for his pistols to shoot the leopard, but the weapons were so wet that he feared to use them and drew his sword instead, with which he drove the beast into the water, having the pleasure of seeing it swim away to shore as soon as the light became strong enough to show where they were. Then the afternoon sun shone out as hot as ever, and he found himself alone on the log with the cowering Luchmee.

The girl had not spoken a word since she first recognized him, only shrinking down into the center of a fork of the tree, as if she were overcome with terror and shame.

Charlton stood up and shouted to his men, whom he saw searching for him, and soon had the gratification of watching them ride toward the place whither the log was drifting.

"See, Luchmee," he observed; "the will of the goddess Kalee, in whom your tribe trust, is that you should be my prisoner. You fled to the jungle, and it was burnt over your head. You escaped the fire in the ravine, and the torrent carried you away to me. Now you will come with me to the Resident of Jagpore."

Luchmee shivered but made no reply, and the soldier continued more kindly:

"Why did you try to kill me? I never harmed you. On the contrary, I am so little angry with you now, that if you will swear never to attempt my life again, and to give me the names of your accomplices, I will guarantee your freedom."

Luchmee looked up as if she did not understand him.

"It is folly you speak," she replied. "I know the laws of the Franks, and they will kill me. It is just, for I failed, and the goddess has punished me for pride."

"And yet I say that if you will swear to tell the truth, you shall go free," responded Charlton.

"I will swear nothing," retorted the woman, sullenly. "If you wish to kill me, do so. It is my fate."

They were close to the bank now, and one of the troopers held out his long lance, which Charlton seized and drew himself to shore. To his great delight, the vicious but enduring Alborak was there, not much the worse for his buffeting by the storm, though the blood flowed from several cuts on his body.

Charlton mounted and held out his hand to Luchmee.

"Come up *in front* this time," he said. "I wish to be sure of you."

Silently and sullenly the girl obeyed; the troopers staring at her with ill-concealed wonder, but saying nothing.

Then Charlton set off to return to Jagpore, a sadder and wiser man than when he left Sir Douglas McGregor that morning, his uniform dripping wet and in tatters, his body bruised and cut in more than one place, but carrying on his saddle-bow the renowned Luchmee, Queen of the Nautch-girls, with the reputation of being the wickedest woman in India.

The sun was already low in the sky as they rode along the top of the ravine into the old Benares road, and they could see with great distinctness the place where the storm had arrested the fire. The flames had not burned more than three-quarters of an hour, but in that short space of time they had destroyed several square miles of forest till a black line against the greenish brown of the distant jungle showed where the storm-king had beaten down the fire-king.

They had no difficulty in riding over ground lately covered with impenetrable jungle. The fire had made a clean sweep of grass and bushes, and only the tree trunks, black and charred, stood like grim sentries watching over the desolation.

Into the Benares road Charlton and his escort trotted, and set out on their return to Jagpore, as the sun set. Inside of ten minutes thereafter it was dark, for the moon had not risen, the stars were hidden by driving clouds, and the eastern twilight is always of the briefest duration.

Charlton kept a firm grasp on the waist of Luchmee, for he well knew that the dancing girls of India are peculiarly supple and strong, and he did not wish to have his prey escape him a second time.

However the girl made no attempt to free herself while they were in the burnt jungle, knowing well that she could not hope to hide from the horsemen.

True to his promise, Charlton took the road to the Residency, and approached the grounds with Luchmee still a safe prisoner. Then the girl seemed to grow very uneasy, for she twisted and fidgeted so much that Charlton said sternly:

"Be still, or I will hand you over to the Sirdar Hamet, to be bound."

"Oh, Sahib, dear, kind Sahib," whispered the dulcet tones of the beautiful Nautch-girl, close to his ear, "let me go this time and I swear by the holy prophet Mohammed, by the great Bramah and Vishnoo, by the great Queen of Calcutta, that I will never try to harm you again! Sweet Sahib, I did not know you were so brave and handsome. Poor Luchmee will be your slave forever, to serve you night and day, if you will only take her to Jagpore, and not before this old man. He is a magician and keeps a devil, they say."

Charlton hesitated. He was young and not insensible to the voice of flattery, and moreover he thought he knew all about the Thugs by this time, and how to control them.

"Will you swear by the goddess Kalee to be true to me and help me punish your accomplices?" he asked, sternly, with a vision in his mind of astonishing Sir Douglas by his revelations.

"I will tell you all," said Luchmee earnestly; and she allowed her head to drop on his breast, while she wept softly and kissed the buttons of his uniform in the most humble manner. They were near the Residency when this happened, and Charlton relented so far that he passed it and rode right into the town of Jagpore through the ancient gates, where he had to knock loudly before the guards would admit them.

Once inside, he felt quite safe, for the people of Jagpore, as a rule, were devoted to him; and as he rode through the silent and deserted bazars, he met the men of his own patrol, who

NOISELESSLY LUCHMEE GLIDED FORWARD TO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM AND STOOD SWAYING HER ARMS ABOVE HER HEAD.

greeted him with a respectful salaam as he passed on to the palace gate.

Everything was alive there, for the Rajah had a habit of turning night into day, not uncommon in tyrants of all countries.

Charlton dismissed his escort and went to his own quarters, followed submissively by Luchmee. Many were the stares and winks they encountered on their passage, but these were all made behind Charlton's back, for the Major Sahib was regarded with great awe in the palace.

Once in his own quarters, he called his *kitmuggar*, or steward, a necessity in all Eastern households, and gave Luchmee in charge to him.

The Hindoo expressed no surprise at the presence of an exceedingly beautiful woman with jewels worth a rajah's ransom; but smiled when his master told him to bring forth a dress fit for a Nautch-girl.

"The Sahib knows that none but the Rajah keeps Nautch-girls," he answered. "I can borrow a dress from the mother of the dancers,* but only as a favor to the Sahib."

"Don't, then," said Charlton, briefly; and then, as the man left the room, he turned to Luchmee, who stood with downcast eyes and hands folded on her bosom, the picture of modest resignation.

"They tell me you are the best dancer in India," he said. "I am going to make you dance before the Rajah, and I want you to observe all the courtiers and tell me if you know any of them to be Thugs. Can you do it?"

Luchmee looked up and smiled.

"I will do anything for *you*," she answered, softly. "You have given me my life twice, when you might have taken it, and even *I* can be grateful for that. I will dance before the Rajah for you; and the chief Thug in the room will be the *man to whom I throw a rose.*"

As she spoke, the steward returned with a long face.

"The old woman will lend no dresses. She has the impudence to say that if the Major Sahib wishes the girl to dance before the Rajah he must fee the mother handsomely."

Charlton laughed, and took off a ring from his finger.

"Take this woman to the Dhya, give her this ring, and tell her to let Luchmee do as she wishes."

The steward bowed to the floor and vanished with Luchmee.

Half an hour later, Major Charlton, in his handsomest uniform, his sword-belt and buttons gleaming with jewels, entered the Rajah's grand saloon, where the great man lolled on a divan, surrounded by his courtiers.

Ram Sing greeted the soldier at once, with the most effusive cordiality.

* The Nautch-girls, or Bayadéres of India, are a regular *caste* and divided into troops of a dozen or so under an old woman called the *Dhya*, or Mother of the Dancers, who makes all contracts for them, like the leader of a band. The girls are of two kinds: 1st, Temple Bayadéres, who are attached to the temples and execute the sacred dances, as an act of religion; and 2d, free Nautch-girls, who roam the country or remain in the cities where they have a reputation. The most beautiful and accomplished, like the once renowned Nikee of Delhi and Alfina of Allahabad, are entirely free and pay their own musicians. Luchmee belonged to this small but favored class.

CHAPTER XII.

THE QUEEN OF THE NAUTCH-GIRLS.

"AHA, major, where have you been? Shiver my timbers, ole boy, howahyah?"* bellowed the Rajah Ram Sing, in his peculiar English, holding out his hand. "Had a jungle fire and a storm, and half the bazar unroofed—and—oh, *boppery bop!* (nonsense). Sit down and take a glass o' sham."

It was evident that the Rajah was already about "half-seas-over," in drinking phrase; and as he was good-natured in his cups up to a certain point, Charlton laughed and obeyed the mandate to take some champagne. It was handed to him by one of the Prince's female slaves; for that evening, except the courtiers, there seemed to be no men visible. As the American set down his glass, he observed:

"I was out in the fire and storm myself, your highness, and came near being killed. I lost a man out of my escort, seriously hurt, but just able to ride into the city."

"Let 'em go. Men's plenty," hiccuped the august ruler of Jagpore. "Women's plenty, too," he added, with a drunken leer. "Hear you picked one up."

"Who told your highness?" demanded Charlton, sharply. "Who criticises my actions here?"

He had determined, since his visit to Sir Douglas, to try and provoke the Rajah into a quarrel, that he might find a pretext to throw up his position and go to the Nawaub of Bundelcund; but the Rajah seemed to be unusually good-natured that night.

"It was Khoda Khan," he answered; "old Khoda, that ass, Khoda. Nobody minds *him*, you know. Here he is to speak for himself. Eh, Khoda?"

He had relapsed into Hindoostanee, and Charlton fixed his eyes on the vizier menacingly.

Khoda Khan cringed, bowed, smiled, and rubbed his hands, as he advanced obsequiously to the American.

"I am sure I meant nothing," he began. "One of my men told me that he saw the Major Sahib enter the palace, followed by a woman unvailed, wearing many jewels; and I supposed that the Sahib was falling into our little ways at last."

He leered at Charlton with his evil eyes in a manner full of wicked significance, and the soldier felt his cheek flaming as he thought of the interpretation put on his conduct. As for the Rajah, he roared with laughter, and cried out:

"The Major Sahib is like the rest of us. Who is she, major?"

"The woman I brought to the palace is a Nautch-girl, to dance before your highness," responded Charlton, stiffly. "If you will see her, you will agree that I have done well for you."

The Rajah yawned.

"*Boppery bop!* Is that all? I am tired of Nautch-girls. She must be out of the common to please me."

"She *is* out of the common," answered Charlton. "If your highness will give the signal, you shall see."

* The Rajah probably meant "How are you?"

"Oh, very well," said the Rajah, lazily. "Call them in."

He evidently did not expect much, for the general run of Indian dancing-girls execute the same maneuvers over and over again, so as to weary the spectator who has seen them more than once. Now and then, however, an exception appears, who becomes the rage in a town or province, demanding and receiving as much as six hundred dollars a night for her performances, and being petted and *fêted* like our own queens of the ballet. Of such, as Charlton has often heard, was Luchmee, who had obtained the name of "Queen of the Nautch-girls," and it was with some curiosity that he now awaited her appearance. He knew that she would probably excite great jealousy among the Rajah's dancing-girls, and wondered whether they would consent to play for and otherwise help her.

He clapped his hands, the signal agreed on between him and Luchmee, and immediately the room in front of them was cleared of people, while the Rajah's slaves stretched a great white cloth over the floor to make a perfect background for the dancer's figure. Then entered five girls, dressed in the most gorgeous garments. Three of them were the musicians, and two bore long torches of some resinous wood, soaked in saltpeter, which burned with a very brilliant flame and emitted a strong aromatic odor. The torch-bearers took their places in silence at either side of the stage, while the musicians sat down and began to play a soft melancholy air on a lute, accompanied by two tambourines. The effect of this odd music was quite soothing, for the tambourines made a sort of dull murmuring bass to the tinkling of the lute, while the three girls sung in low, cooing voices one of the songs of the Nautch-girls.

The Rajah yawned: he had heard that sort of thing often. Still the song went on for more than a minute, and no Luchmee made her appearance. The great white saloon with its brilliant lights stretched out before them, opening on the broad stone-paved veranda that led into the garden, where the moon was just rising, red and angry looking, between the marble pillars.

For an unusual time the singers kept on with their plaintive ballad, which told of the sorrows of a girl abandoned by her lover; and then, just as the Rajah *yawned the third time*, the music changed to a lively air, and Luchmee glided into sight as noiselessly as a spirit, and stood at the end of the room; facing her audience proudly and defiantly, as if challenging their admiration.

The Rajah stopped yawning and stared, while a dead silence fell on the room. As for Charlton, he sat wonder-stricken, for Luchmee, if she had been beautiful before, was now positively bewitching.

The Queen of the Nautch-girls was literally blazing with jewels, and the light of the torches held by the girls flashed on a diamond or emerald at every motion of her body. From the hips to the ankles she was covered with heavy skirts and full trowsers of cloth of gold, but her feet were bare, save that every toe was ornamented with a broad gold ring, set with diamonds, while heavy gold bangles, furnished with bells, decorated her ankles. Her bust was partially revealed by a little sleeveless jacket, glittering with jewels, while arms, neck and bosom were covered with ornaments, and her earrings and nose ring were of thin gold wire, strung with pearls and diamonds. Luchmee's long black hair, twined with strings of pearls, hung down her back, and she held in her hand a rose.

There she stood, silent as a spirit, one foot slightly advanced, a proud smile on her lips, as she looked at the court assembled to criticise her.

Her whole attitude seemed to say:

"Here I am. Refuse to applaud if you dare."

The Rajah clapped his hands vigorously, and shouted:

"Bravo! Bravo! Major Sahib, this is different to the rest."

Then all were silent, for Luchmee began her dance.

It was not like the ballet of Europe, for the Nautch-girls never lift their feet fairly from the floor, except to mark the musical time with their bells. Noiselessly the girl glided forward to the middle of the room and stood swaying her arms above her head, with the rose waving in figures in time to the music; and then began a singular dance, slowly turning round, while body and arms undulated with a serpentine motion full of grace into all sorts of difficult curves. Now Luchmee began to show what she could do, for the dance seemed to be a pantomime of coquetry and enticement. When she came forward with her eyes glowing, lips parted, arms raised above her head, tripping as light as a fairy, not a sound could be heard but the tinkling of the guitar, for her bare feet made no noise on the white carpet. She seemed to be flying a kite, for her eyes were fixed on the air and she moved her arms as if balancing the toy above her, then suddenly stooped and ran back, with hands close to the ground, as if the kite were falling and she trying to save it. She was in fact executing the "kite-dance," the most celebrated of the Bayadére's pantomimes, and the action was so vivid that Charlton involuntarily looked up, as if he expected to see the sky above his head. Then Luchmee tripped forward again and stood swaying her body back till her long hair swept the floor, her frame as sinuous as that of a snake. Anon she sprung up to an attitude full of pride and seemed as if about to follow the kite, floating away across the room with arms extended like wings. Charlton had seen the kite-dance many times before, but never executed with such bewitching grace as that shown by Luchmee; and he was not surprised to find that the Rajah was delighted.

The great man sat with his eyes riveted on the swaying figure, and his features worked in a way that showed him to be completely entranced, till the dance was nearly over. Charlton in his own interest and excitement had almost forgotten the object he had in view in bringing Luchmee to the palace till this happened, and then the Queen of the Nautch-girls glided forward near the circle, flirting the rose which she had made do duty in the kite pantomime, as if she were hesitating to whom to throw it.

Then Charlton remembered, and glanced keenly round at his companions to watch their behavior; for he felt sure that the rose would be thrown to Khoda Khan. To his surprise, however, Luchmee paid no attention to the vizier, but dropped the flower at the feet of the Rajah himself, and then turned and flitted away from the room.

Charlton started and rose from his seat, for the fat Rajah, intoxicated with delight, rose up applauding vigorously, but lost his balance in the effort and measured his length on the white carpet, where he rolled about, unable to rise. The American, profiting by the confusion that ensued, slipped from the saloon by a side-door and thence into the moonlit garden into which Luchmee had vanished.

He had not gone ten steps when he met Govinda, the tiger-tamer, face to face.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ZENANA GARDEN.

CHARLTON was running heedlessly through the garden when Govinda suddenly appeared before him, and he started back with an involuntary exclamation of wonder when he saw the tall figure of the tiger-tamer. In a moment Govinda's right hand was on his shoulder, while the finger of the other was laid on his lips as a sign of caution which the soldier readily understood.

Govinda pointed through the shrubbery before them into the brilliantly lighted saloon.

The obsequious Khoda Khan, assisted by the slaves, was lifting the Rajah from the floor and supporting him to his seat, but Luchmee had vanished. Then the tiger-tamer drew Charlton back into the dark recesses of the garden, till they were entirely out of earshot of the palace, and whispered:

"Have you seen the child?"

"What child?" asked Charlton in amazement, for he knew nothing of the other's loss.

"Ali," said the tamer, in a trembling voice; "my little one, my boy! He is in this palace somewhere, for I tracked his captors to the gate."

"I have not seen him," answered Charlton. "I have but just come in, since the fire and the storm. Tell me how you lost him."

Thus urged, the tamer, in a few hurried sentences, gave the soldier an outline of the capture of Ali and the scenting of the child by the tigress, and continued:

"I followed them to the edge of the burned jungle and found that two men had carried him off straight down the road to the palace gate. He has been taken by the same gang of Thugs which had Luchmee for their queen, and they belong *here*, in this accursed house."

"Did you watch Luchmee just now?" asked Charlton. "If the Thugs brought the child hither, she knows of his hiding-place, and can help us better than any one else to get him back if he be here."

Govinda uttered an impatient sound of dissent.

"*She* help us! She is more likely to snare us, like a witch as she is. Will you never learn that she is not to be trusted, no matter what she says or does?"

"On the contrary," answered Charlton, rather warmly, "she has proved faithful to me since I gave her back her life. She has promised to tell me the names of her accomplices."

"It is needless; I know them myself, for I hid behind their tent, only the night before last, when they held their feast to Khalee," responded Govinda's stern tones. "I can give you the names of every one of them, whenever you want them."

"Will you tell them to Sir Douglas?" asked Charlton, eagerly. "He told me he wanted to see you, by the by."

The tiger-tamer started in his turn.

"To see me! Sir Douglas McGregor! Why?"

"Nay, that I know not. He sent for me to inquire about you, asked all sorts of questions, and wished me to tell you to come and see him. I forgot all about it till now."

Govinda seemed to relapse into deep and bitter meditation, as he stood there in the moonlight.

"To see me!" he muttered; "to see *me*, whom they once drove into—"

He stopped abruptly and glanced suspiciously at Charlton, as if he had said too much before the American; and then, once more, he seemed to remember the loss of his child, for he broke out:

"But what care I for these English? My child is gone, and the Rajah has him. Major Charlton, you helped me once—will you help me again?"

"If I can, I will," said the soldier, earnestly; "but I see not how I can. If Luchmee—"

"Luchmee is a witch, a sorceress, a devil," interrupted Govinda, impatiently. "I tell you she cannot be trusted. No one can—ha! what's that?"

He broke off as suddenly as he had interrupted. All the time that he was talking, Charlton had noticed that his eyes were roaming over the garden, and that his thoughts seemed to be away. Now he stopped and listened intently. Charlton followed his example, but could hear nothing.

Nevertheless, Govinda slowly turned round his face toward a thicket of bushes that stood behind them, and scanned it keenly with his eyes, as if he expected to find something.

Presently he crouched down to the earth, al-

most in the attitude of one of his own tigers, and crept into the thicket. Charlton hardly realized what he was doing ere the athletic figure was hidden under the overhanging foliage, and Govinda had disappeared, as suddenly and noiselessly as he had come, leaving Charlton apparently alone in the garden.

Then, for the first time, the American began to realize that he might be in a delicate position himself. In the confusion that attended the Rajah's accident, and in his own anxiety to find Luchmee, he had run out into the garden, forgetting that this part of the palace-grounds was sacred to the *zenana* of the Rajah. In other words, he was in the women's quarter of the palace, and liable any moment to meet one of the Rajah's zenana guards, armed with swords just as sharp as razors, and instructed to kill on sight any man they found in the grounds of the zenana.

Govinda had taken him into a remote part of the garden, where thickets of the thorny Indian fig and acacia were dense and shadowy. Charlton had never been there before, there were no walks to guide him over the turf, and the bushes were so high that he could not see the palace. Striving to remember its direction, he stole through between the thickets as silently as he could, glancing round apprehensively and keeping the hilt of his sword ready to his hand.

Presently the sharp line of the summit of a wall loomed up before him between the trees, and he knew he had come to the edge of the garden.

"It will do for a point of departure," he muttered; "for if I don't meet any women, I can climb over into the city at the very worst."

He knew that the wall before him was the same which surrounded the fortress-palace of the Rajah, and that, once outside, he could only meet his own patrols.

The soldier paused in the shadow of the wall, listened and looked round. All was silent, but he saw something moving among the bushes, and a moment later the graceful figure of Luchmee glided out beside him, and stood smiling archly at him.

"Well, Sahib," asked the girl, "are you not afraid the guards will take you and cut you to pieces?"

"Not while you are here," responded Charlton gravely. "I have given you your life and you cannot imperil mine without being false to your oath."

Luchmee laughed in low rich tones, and pressed closer to him.

"I would not have you hurt for all my life," she said sweetly. "I told you I was your slave, and I am."

"Tell me then," replied Charlton, "whether you have seen in the zenana a little boy, the son of Govinda. He was stolen from his father today, and Govinda thinks he is here."

"He *is* here," responded Luchmee, quietly; "but Govinda will never get him."

"*I* want him," said Charlton, firmly. "You promised to serve me: take me to the boy."

Luchmee smiled in a dubious manner.

"He is in the midst of the zenana, with armed slaves all round him. You could not make three steps within the door without being cut to pieces."

"Well, then, tell me where he is kept and who has him," persisted the soldier.

"He is kept in the room of the Dhya, the Mother of the Dancers, and they say he is to be taught to play on the lute and sing with the dancers. 'Tis a pretty child and sings well."

As she spoke Luchmee turned away and stood listening a moment, when she suddenly pulled him, whispering:

"The zenana guard is coming. They must have missed you from the saloon. I will hide you, if you will trust me."

"I would sooner trust myself and my own guard," he replied. "I trust no one here since you have told me that the Rajah himself is in league with the Thugs. Good-by."

As he spoke, he caught hold of the branch of a tree and swung himself up to the top of the wall. As he paused there a moment, the gleam of torches through the foliage admonished him that the guards were approaching, and silently he dropped into the dry moat outside.

Meantime Luchmee stood in the garden, watching his exit and looking vexed. Wicked and wily as she was, there had been something in the generosity and forgiveness of the young soldier that had touched Luchmee's heart that day, and the wickedest woman in India was for the time as anxious for the safety of Charlton as a young girl for her first lover.

As she stood there, the zenana guards, black hideous slaves with naked swords in their hands, came searching through the garden, and Luchmee shrunk back into the bushes with the instinct of concealment.

Hardly was she hidden, before she felt herself seized by a powerful hand which compressed her throat, and the next moment the Queen of the Nautch-girls was borne to the earth by Govinda the tiger-tamer, who had been hiding under the bushes with all the patience and silence of one of his own animals.

He remained kneeling beside her under the shade of the bushes, his right hand compressing her throat while he glared menacingly down at her; and again, as when she lay beneath the tiger, Luchmee quailed and was silent. The garden patrol came by, the slaves chattering away, and passed within ten feet of the thicket where they lay concealed, but the Nautch-girl did not dare to open her lips while Govinda's eyes were on her.

She felt that her deliverance was passing away as the guard vanished, but she did not dare to move, and there she lay till they had gone out of sight and hearing. Then Govinda loosened his grasp and said in low, stern tones:

"Rise, and take me to Ali."

Trembling from head to foot, the girl rose and whispered:

"Yes, my lord, yes, oh Rajah of Rajahs! I will take you there at once."

"Not so fast," responded the tamer, quietly. "I don't want to be killed before my time. Describe me the spot, and I will put you where you will be safe, with Seevah to guard you, till I come."

Luchmee sunk on her knees in fresh terror.

"Not with the tiger, my lord, not with the tiger! Spare me *that*, and I will swear to be true; ay, on the holy ax of the Goddess Kalee, who punishes perjury."

Govinda looked down at her keenly.

"Did you and your comrades think you were unseen when you sacrificed?" he demanded in scornful tones. "Fools, ye thought the omens were good when the tigers roared left and right, but ye forget to look in the grass behind the tent. I tell you, Kalee is angry, and you will have no luck against me or the Major Sahib."

Luchmee stared at him with dilating eyes, all the latent superstition of her nature alarmed at the news he gave her and completely overcome with terror.*

"Rise," continued the tameer, imperiously; "and lead me to the place you told the Major Sahib about."

Luchmee obeyed as if stupefied with terror, and took him through the garden to where the woman's wing of the palace spread before them. Then, from the shelter of a thicket, the girl pointed out to him the open windows of a long, low room, extending from the main building and surrounded by a veranda. This room was but very dimly lighted, and its floor was covered with sleeping figures.

"There is the child," whispered Luchmee, pointing to a group in the center of the room. "The Dhya has him there, and there are four slaves ready to spring up armed at the first sound."

"Very good," he responded. "Go in there and bring him out for me. You can do it without exciting suspicion."

Luchmee stood aghast at the proposition.

"I, great lord! Why, they would kill me as soon as you, for I am a stranger among them."

"Nevertheless," answered the tamer, with a grim smile, "I wish you to go in. If you prefer me to go, *I will leave you in charge of Seevah!*"

As he spoke, he snapped his fingers, and Luchmee quivered all over as she distinguished for the first time the brilliant markings of the tigress, crawling like a snake over the turf close beside them, the great eyes of the creature glowing like coals in the darkness.

"I will go, great lord, I will go," she faltered; and at once stole away toward the room of the dancers, while Govinda and the tigress watched from outside.

[TO BE CONTINUED—COMMENCED IN No. 1.]

*To be seen while sacrificing to Kalee is, according to the superstition of the Thugs, to be doomed to disaster and failure in the coming expedition.

Doubling Cape Horn.

FROM A SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

ABOUT midnight, when the starboard watch, to which I belonged, was below, the boatswain's whistle was heard, followed by the shrill cry of "All hands take in sail! Jump, men, and save ship!"

Springing from our hammocks, we found the frigate leaning over so steeply that it was with difficulty we could climb the ladders leading to the upper deck. Here the scene was awful. The main deck guns had several days previously been run in and housed, and the port-holes closed; but the lee carronades on the quarter-deck and forecastle plunged through the sea, which undulated over them in milk-white billows of foam. With every lurch to leeward the yard-arm ends seemed to dip in the sea, while forward the spray dashed over the bows in cataracts and drenched the men who were on the foreyard.

By this time the deck was alive with the whole strength of the ship's company, five hundred men, officers and all, mostly clinging to the weather bulwarks. The occasional phosphorescence of of the yeasty sea cast a glare upon their uplifted faces, as a night fire in a populous city lights up the panic-stricken crowd.

In a sudden gale, or when a large quantity of sail is suddenly to be furled, it is customary for the First Lieutenant to take the trumpet from whoever then happens to be officer of the deck. But Mad Jack, the Second Lieutenant, had the trumpet that watch, nor did the First Lieutenant now seek to wrest it from his hands. Every eye was upon him, as if we had chosen him from among us all to decide this battle with the elements by single combat with the Spirit of the Cape—for Mad Jack was the saving genius of the ship, and so proved himself that night. I owe this right hand that is this moment flying over my sheet, and all my present being, to Mad Jack.

The ship's bows were now butting, battering, ramming and thundering over and upon the head-seas, and with a terrible wallowing sound our whole hull was rolling in the trough of the foam. The gale came athwart the deck, and every sail seemed bursting with its wide breadth. All the quartermasters and several of the forecastle men were swarming around the double wheel on the quarter-deck, some jumping up and down with their hands upon the spokes; for the whole helm and galvanized keel were fiercely feverish with the life imparted to them by the tempest.

It blew a hurricane. The spray flew over the ship in floods. The gigantic masts seemed about to snap under the world-wide strain of the three entire topsails.

"Clew down! clew down!" shouted Mad Jack, husky with excitement, and in a frenzy beating his trumpet against one of the shrouds; but owing to the slant of the ship, the thing could not be done. It was obvious that before many minutes something must go—either sails, rigging or sticks; perhaps the hull itself, and all hands.

Presently a voice from the top exclaimed that there was a rent in the main-topsail, and instantly we heard a report like two or three muskets discharged together; the vast sail was rent up and down. This saved the mainmast, for the yard was now clewed down with comparative ease, and the topmen laid out to stow the shattered canvas. Soon the two remaining topsails were also clewed down and close-reefed.

Above all the roar of the tempest and the shouts of the crew was heard the dismal tolling of the ship's bell (almost as large as that of a village church), which the violent rolling of the ship was occasioning. Imagination cannot conceive the terror of such a sound in the night tempest at sea.

"Stop that ghost!" roared Mad Jack; "away, one of you, and wrench off the clapper."

But no sooner was this ghost gagged than a still more appalling sound was heard—the rolling to and fro of the heavy shot, which, on the gun-deck, had broken loose from the gun-racks, and converted that part of the ship into an immense bowling-alley. Some hands were sent down to secure them, but it was as much as their lives were worth. Several were maimed, and the midshipmen who were ordered to see the duty performed reported it impossible until the storm abated.

The most terrific job of all was to furl the mainsail, which at the commencement of the squalls had been clewed up, coaxed and quieted as much as possible with the buntlines and slab-lines. Mad Jack waited some time for a lull ere he gave an order so perilous to be executed; for to furl this enormous sail in such a gale required at least fifty men on the yard, whose weight, superadded to the weight of the ponderous stick itself, still further jeopardized their lives. But there was no prospect of a cessation of the gale, and the order was at last given.

At this time a hurricane of slanting sleet and hail was descending upon us; the rigging was coated with a thin glare of ice, formed within the hour.

"Aloft, main-yard men, and all you main-top men, and furl the mainsail!" cried Mad Jack.

I dashed down my hat, slipped out of my quilted jacket in an instant, kicked the shoes from my feet, and, with a crowd of others, sprung for the rigging. Above the bulwarks (which in a frigate are so high as to afford much protection to those on deck) the gale was terrible. The sheer force of the wind flattened us to the rigging as we ascended, and every hand seemed congealed to the icy shroud by which we held.

"Up, up, my brave hearties!" shouted Mad Jack; and up we got, some way or other, all of us, and groped our way out on the yard-arms.

"Hold on, every mother's son!" cried an old quarter-gunner at my side; he was bawling at the top of his compass; but in the gale he seemed to be whispering, and I only heard him from his being right to windward of me. But his hint was unnecessary. I dug my nails into the jack-stays, and swore that nothing but death should part me and them, until I was able to turn around and look to windward. As yet this was impossible; I could scarcely hear the man to leeward at our elbow; the wind seemed to snatch the words from his mouth and fly away with them to the South Pole.

All this time the sail itself was flying about, sometimes catching over our heads, and threatening to tear us from the yard in spite of all our hugging. For about three-quarters of an hour we thus hung suspended over the rampant billows, which curled their very crests under the feet of some four or five of us clinging to the lee yard-arm, as if to float us from our places. Presently the word flashed along the yard from windward that we were ordered to come down and leave the sail to blow, since it could not be furled. A midshipman, it seemed, had been sent up by an officer of the deck to give the order, as no trumpet could be heard where we were. Those on the weather yard-arm managed to crawl upon the spar and scramble down the rigging; but with us, on the extreme leeward side, this feat was out of the question; it was, literally, like climbing a precipice to get to the windward, in order to reach the shrouds; besides, the entire yard was now incased in ice, and our hands and feet were so numb that we dared not trust our lives to them. Nevertheless, by assisting each other, we contrived to throw ourselves prostrate along the yard, and embrace it with our arms and legs. In this position, the stun'-sail booms greatly assisted in securing our hold.

Strange as it may appear, I do not suppose that, at this moment, the slightest sensation of fear was felt by one man on that yard. We clung to it with might and main; but this was instinct. The truth is, that in circumstances like these, the sense of fear is annihilated in the unutterable sights that fill all the eye, and the sounds that fill the ear. You become identified with the tempest; your insignificance is lost in the riot of the stormy universe around. Below us our noble frigate seemed thrice its real length—a vast black wedge, opposing its widest end to the combined fury of the sea and wind.

At length the first fury of the gale began to abate, and we at once fell to pounding our hands, as a preliminary operation to going to work, for a gang of men had now ascended to help secure what was left of the sail. We somehow packed it away at last, and came down.

About noon the next day the gale so moderated that we shook two reefs out of the topsails, set new courses and stood due east, with the wind astern.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

EDITED BY HENRY CHADWICK.

Base-Ball Notes.

SEVERAL questions in relation to the event on the cricket-field accomplished by the base-ball tourists who visited England in 1874, leads us to print the record, in brief, of the matches at cricket played by the eighteen base-ball-players against English cricket twelves in England and Ireland, during the summer of 1876.

Americans vs.			Americans. 1st.	2d.	Total.	Opponents. 1st.	2d.	Total.	Result.
Aug. 3, 4.	12	Marylebone Club, on Grounds at Lord's....	107	....	107	105	....	105	Drawn.
Aug. 6, 7.	11	Prince's C. C., at Prince's........	110	....	110	21	39	60	Won.
Aug. 8.	13	Richmond C., at Richmond*........	45	....	45	108	....	108	Drawn.
Aug. 13, 14.	11	Surry C. C., at Oval†..	100	111	211	27	2	29	Won.
Aug. 15, 17.	12	Sheffield, at Sheffield..	130	....	130	43	45	88	Won.
Aug. 20, 21.	11	Manchester, at Manchester........	121	100	221	42	53	95	Won.
Aug. 24, 25.	11	All Ireland, at Dublin.	71	94	165	47	32	79	Won.
Totals....................			684	305	989	393	171	564	

* Unfinished innings, only six wickets down.
† Second Innings unfinished, only four wickets down.

Not a match was lost and those drawn were in favor of the base-ball-players. The eighteen players included McVey, Spalding, O'Rourke, Barnes, Leonard, Geo. Wright, Geo. Hall, Harry Wright and Beals of the Boston club; and Clapp, McBride, Anson, Murnan, Sutton, McGeary, Gedney, McMullen and Sensenderfer of the Athletics, with Battin, Fisher and Shafer and Kent as assistants. The following is the score of the best base-ball match ever played in England.

PLAYED AT MANCHESTER, AUG. 20.

ATHLETIC.	R.	PO.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	R.	PO.	A.	E.
McMullen, c. f....	1	4	0	0	G. Wright, s. s..	0	0	4	1
McGeary, r. f. & c.	0	2	0	1	Barnes, 2d b ..	0	4	2	1
Anson, 1st b.	1	10	0	0	Spalding, p.	0	0	3	0
McBride, p	2	0	1	0	McVey, c	0	6	2	2
Clapp, c	0	5	0	0	Leonard, l. f ..	0	1	0	1
Sensenderfer, r.f.	0	1	0	0	O'Rourke, 1st b.	0	10	0	2
Battin, 2d b.....	1	1	2	1	H. Wright, c. f..	0	2	1	0
Sutton, 3d b......	1	0	3	0	Hall, r. f	1	1	0	1
Murnan, r.f. & s.s.	0	1	0	0	Schafer, 3d b....	1	3	3	1
Gedney, l. f	1	3	0	0					
Totals.......	7	27	6	2	Totals	2	27	15	9

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Athletic............	0	2	0	1	0	2	0	0	2	—7
Boston	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	—2

Runs earned—Boston, 2.
First base by errors—Athletic 5; Boston, 0.
Umpire—T. G. Beals, of the Boston Club.
Time—One hour and forty minutes.

THE last game played on the Capitoline grounds for the season of 1878, took place Nov. 28, Thanksgiving Day, the score being as follows:

W. A. DROWN & CO.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	JOHNSON BROTHERS & CO.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Slade, c......	5	4	2	2	1	Steeb, c.....	1	2	4	1	0
Randel, p. ..	1	2	4	3	1	Taylor, 3d b.	3	2	3	4	2
Sexton, 1st b.	4	3	2	0	3	V'nZuilen, 1b	1	1	5	0	3
Folmer, 2d b.	0	1	5	2	0	Gaul, s. s....	3	1	3	5	0
Russ, s. s....	5	3	3	4	1	Mallison, 2b.	1	0	5	2	0
Goodwin, 3b.	3	2	3	2	4	Temple, p ..	2	1	2	2	2
McCorm'k c f	3	1	4	0	0	Barber, l. f..	1	0	2	0	1
Sullivan, l. f.	0	1	4	0	0	Dayton, r. f.	0	1	1	0	3
						Nelson, c. f..	0	0	2	0	1
Totals	21	17	27	13	10	Totals ...	12	8	27	14	12

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
W. A. Drown & Co	5	1	4	0	5	3	0	0	3	—22
Johnson Bros. & Co....	1	3	1	3	1	2	1	0	0	—12

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.—The ball-maker, L. H. Mahn, recently sued H. Harwood & Sons, the Natick base-ball manufacturers, for an infringement of the former's double cover patent. The following abstract from the judge's decision in the case shows that the right to make these double cover balls is not patentable. It is as follows:

LOUIS H. MAHN *vs.* HARRISON HARWOOD *et al.*—This suit was brought for an alleged infringement of James H. Osgood's patent on Improved Coverings for Base-balls and other articles. The claims make no mention of other articles besides base-balls. The opinion of the court holds that balls made substantially as set forth in the patent were old and well known long before 1872 (the date of patent), and that the double covers used by the defendant were so used many years before the date of said patent, *and that such use was well known to the complainant.* Bill dismissed, with costs.

ACCORDING to League and International statistics, the following players are the first nines of each organization in fielding and batting averages:

FIELDING.

Pos	International. Player.	Club.	Ave.	League. Player.	Club.	Ave.
C.....	Sullivan....	Low..	.865	Allison...	Prov.	.937
P.....	Galvin......	Buff..	.914	Bond.....	Bos..	.882
1st B.	Libby	Buff..	.978	Sullivan..	Cin...	.974
2d B.	Hawkes.....	Man..	.935	Burdock..	Bos...	.917
3d B.	Doscher	Tec...	.874	Hague....	Prov.	.915
S. S	Force	Buff..	.942	Wright ..	Bos..	.945
L. F..	Hornung.....	Tec...	.955	Jones	Cin...	.893
C. F..	Richardson.	Utica.	.884	Remsen..	Chic..	.934
R. F.	McGonigle ..	Buff..	.888	Kelley....	Cin...	.836

BATTING.

Pos	International. Player.	Club.	Ave.	League. Player.	Club.	Ave.
C.....	Dorgan.....	Star	.321	J. White.	Cin...	.308
P.....	Foley	Low..	.311	Larkin...	Chic..	.289
1st B.	McGuinness.	Utica	.291	Start	Chic..	.345
2d B.	Dunlap	Hor...	.279	Gerhardt.	Cin...	.302
3d B.	Carpenter ..	Star..	.285	McVey ..	Chic..	.293
S. S..	Burke.......	Tec...	.307	Ferguson	Chic..	.334
L. F.	O'Rourke ...	Man..	.376	York	Prov.	.310
C. F.	Hotaling ..	Star..	.315	Hines.....	Prov.	.347
R. F.	Mack........	Buff..	.280	Higham ..	Prov.	.320

To suppose that these would be the best teams, either on account of their special fielding or batting skill, to place in the field, would be a great mistake. Fancy Allison and Bond playing as a pair, or Jim White and "Terry" Larkin, or McVey and Ferguson. Harmony or working together is as essential as high batting or fielding averages.

AMONG the junior ball-players who practiced on the Elysian Fields ball-grounds, Hoboken, during the summer of 1878, were two nines known as the Jefferson and Hudson Clubs of Hoboken, and on the morning of Aug. 19 these teams of young amateurs played the most remarkable match ever recorded in the metropolitan district, no less than fourteen innings being played on each side without a single run being scored, the first and only run being made in the fifteenth inning. The score of this match is as follows:

JEFFERSON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	HUDSON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Whitcomb, p.	0	1	4	2	0	Nelson, 1st b.	0	1	17	1	0
Taylor, c.....	0	2	7	1	0	Reed, p.......	0	2	6	3	1
Hart, 1st b...	0	0	13	1	1	Sutton, c.....	0	1	3	1	1
Noble, s. s	0	3	4	2	1	Spencer. l. f..	0	2	2	1	0
Steedman, l.f.	1	5	11	3	0	Allen, r. f ..	0	1	4	1	1
Scuders, 2d b.	0	0	3	2	1	Boggs, s. s...	0	2	2	0	0
Smith, r. f ..	0	1	1	1	0	Filbert, c. f..	0	1	6	0	1
Hadley, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	1	Stover, 2d b..	0	0	3	1	0
Noyes, c. f...	0	1	2	0	1	Libby, 3d b...	0	1	2	0	0
Totals....	1	13	45	14	4	Totals....	0	11	45	8	4

Jefferson ..	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1
Hudson	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

THE playing members of the new club forming at Albany for next season will consist of the following well-known professionals: Allison, c.; Cary, p.; McKinnon, 1st b.; Smiley, 2d b.; Schafer, 3d b.; Leonard, s.s.; Manning, l. f.; Murnan, c. f.; Knight, r. f., with McClure as tenth man and change catcher. Allison, Cary and Murnan were with the Providence Club last season, McKinnon and McClure with the Stars, Schafer, Leonard and Manning with the Bostons, Smiley with the Worcesters, and Knight with the Lowells. Arthur Cummings well managed the team.

Cricket.

THE first cricket match in America which we witnessed was that played in Brooklyn thirty years ago last September. Among the players was Mr. Dodworth, the father of Harvey Dodworth, the band-master of New York. The match in question was played on September 20, 1838, on the vacant lots on Smith and Bergen streets, then an open country. The match was played by twenty-two Englishmen, representing respectively the towns of Sheffield, in the north of England, and Nottingham, in the midland counties. The former town is noted for its cricketers, as it is for its cutlery; in fact, it is second to none in the world for the quantity and quality of its cricketers, turning out, periodically, some of the best players in England.

SHEFFIELD *vs.* NOTTINGHAM, played at Brooklyn, Long Island, September 20, 1838.

SHEFFIELD.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. J. Wheatman c Parker.....	12	c Wyvil......	35
2. Dodworth c Sneath.........	5	b Hurst.	0
3. Gill b Hurst	6	b Hurst	14
4. G. Stead b Taylor..........	4	run out	7
5. Fisher b Taylor	4	not out.......	8
6. Bradshaw c Turton.	8	b Hurst	1
7. Berry c Wyvil............	24	c Sneath	7
8. Taylor b Hurst...........	0	run out.......	12
9. Ellen c Wyvil.............	6	b Turton.....	0
10. Pearson not out..........	2	b Turton.....	0
11. Holmes run out...........	5	b Turton.....	2
Wides, 1; byes, 2..........	3	Byes..........	2
Total......................	79	Total	88

NOTTINGHAM.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Taylor run out	1	b Wheatman.	0
2. W. Wyvil run out	3	c Taylor......	10
3. Parker b Gill	2	b Wheatman.	1
4. Alvey c Gill.	8	not out.......	0
5. H. Wyvil c Wheatman.....	3	run out.......	1
6. Sneath run out	1	c Gill........	0
7. Shelton st Dodworth	0	c Dodworth..	0
8. Turton b Gill.............	3	c Gill.	10
9. Hurst c Stead	0	c Stead.	0
10. Beecroft c Stead..........	0	c Bradshaw..	0
11. Dent not out.............	0	b Stead.......	1
Total......................	21	Total.....	23

UMPIRES—Sheffield, Mr. Lacey; Nottingham, Mr. James Rayner.

SCORERS—Sheffield, Mr. Weedon; Nottingham, Mr. Hadkins.

The second match was played at the same place on October 22d and 23d, 1838. This game was played for a stake of $400, the only match for money ever played in this country.

The fathers of many of our young Brooklyn cricketers will probably remember this game, as it was quite a novelty at that time to the town's residents.

Lacrosse.

THE first Lacrosse match ever seen at Baltimore took place Nov. 23, at Newington Park. The Mayor of Baltimore, Hon. F. C. Latrobe, and Mr. James Tyson were the umpires at the red flags, Mr. C. W. Pennington at the blues, and William Young as referee. At 3 P. M. the game commenced, and for about one hour the contest waged with vigor, until victory rested with the blues, who won two out of three games. The players were all members of the Athletic club, and were as follows: Reds—H. Gilmore, captain; J. H. Lee, goal-keeper; J. M. Drill, point; H. G. Harrison, cover-point; G. H. Bochm, home; T. Smith, C. J. Iglehart, E. F. Comstock, B. O. Thomas, V. P. Bond, J. Voss, and L. C. O'Donnell, fielders. Blues—J. Pennington, captain; F. S. Wilson, center; J. Levering, point; H. M. Denison, cover-point; A. Sterling, home; W. H. Comstock, goal; E. McGann, R. R. Brown, J. D. Iglehart, J. Tyson, Jr., E. W. Pennington, and E. Thompson, fielders. Captain Pennington was highly pleased with the success which his team met with. The playing of Messrs. Lee, Harrison, Comstock, and Voss was frequently applauded by the spectators. To each member of the victorious crew a scarf-pin of the lacrosse will be given.

THE Lacrosse junior players of Brooklyn should make a point to keep us posted on their games and club movements. Send in your reports to "Sports and Pastimes" Editor YOUNG NEW YORKER.

THE teams of the New York University and Westchester Lacrosse clubs played a match game at Central Park Thanksgiving Day, best three goals out of five to win. The University men were victorious in three straight goals, the time being 1m. 30s., 5m. and 6m., respectively. W. H. Griffin, Montreal Lacrosse club, was referee.

Football.

WHAT football is under Rugby rules may be judged by the following description of the work assigned to "forward" players in a "scrummage."

"The forwards of each side hurry up, and a scrummage is instantly formed, each ten facing their opponents' goal, packed round the ball, shoulder to shoulder, leg to leg, as tight as they can stand, the twenty thus forming one compact mass with the ball in the middle. Directly the holder of the ball has succeeded in forcing it down to the ground, he shouts, 'Down,' and business may be commenced at once. Each ten, being bent on driving the ball through the ranks of their opponents, set to work to push, struggle and kick, forcing, if possible, a passage through which the ball may emerge."

"For forwards, good following up and playing together are the prime recommendations. Their duty is to work together in a body behind the ball, taking it through the ranks of their opponents in the scrummages by weight and skill combined, and following it up doggedly, not waiting for wind, but struggling on in spite of all obstacles to keep close to the ball. The highest praise that can be conferred on a Rugby forward is conveyed in the words, few and simple, 'He's always on the ball.' Forwards should always remember how much the absence of even a single player is felt in a fifteen-a-side match, when it comes to a tough struggle in front of goal, and a captain finds his men not up to time after the punishing work in the last scrummage. * * * A scrummage should be formed as compactly as possible, every man pressing firmly on the man in front of him, bodies and legs close together, so as to form a finely-packed mass to resist the weight of a like mass of opponents. Some players are given to putting their heads down in a scrummage, so as to look after the ball the better, but it is a plan not to be commended, as it loosens the mass, a man with his head down taking up the space of two."

This is evidently a sport suitable only for men of the most muscular physique. The liability to serious injuries is very great.

It may not be generally known that there are two distinct and different games of football, the Rugby-Union, generally played in this country, and which allows carrying and running with the ball, and the Association game, which is really football proper, and in which the players use their feet and not their hands. This latter game has taken root in Ontario, and with a view of popularizing it and teaching the public its beauties, the Canada Association are negotiating with the Association in Scotland for an invasion by two teams of Scottish players, who would visit Toronto, Hamilton, London, Kingston, Berlin, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, New York, Boston, Cambridge, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, New Haven, Ithaca, West Point, St. Louis, Buffalo, Detroit, Hartford, Saratoga, Newport, and other cities, playing in each place an exhibition match, and also a game with the local players, where any could be found. We do not remember that any club in the United States plays the Association game, but if shown to our players by such experts the game might become popular.

THE *London Field* of Nov. 16th contains sixteen columns of small type reports of English football matches, a perfect *furore* for the sport existing in England this season.

The grand match for the College Championship took place on the St. George Cricket ground Hoboken on Thanksgiving Day, in the presence of an assemblage of about 3,000 people chiefly College Students and their friends. Carriages with liveried servants were in line behind the spectators, and "the wealth and fashion of the city" turned out to see the grand wrestling match—termed football—between stalwart muscular fifteens of Yale and Princeton. Yale had previously defeated Harvard by one goal in a match at Boston, and Princeton had won their game with Harvard by a solitary touchdown, so that it remained with Yale and Princeton to settle the question of the championship. The contestants were as follows:

PRINCETON—Forwards—Bradford, '81; McDermont, '81; Brotherlin, '80; Ballard (captain), '80; Devereux, '80; McAlpin, '81; Loney, '81; Bryan, '80. Half-backs—Waller, '79; Minor, '79; McNair, '79; Withington, '80. Backs—Miller, '80; Cutts, '80; Larkin, 79.

YALE—Forwards—Farwell, '79; Fuller, '81; Hull, '82; Harding, '80; Lamb, '81; King, '80; Eaton, '82. Half-backs—Brown, S. S. S.; Peters, '80 Thompson, '79; Watson, S. S. S.; Camp (captain), '80. Backs—Wakeman, M. S.; Nixon, '81; Badger, '82.

William E. Dodge, Jr., '79, was judge for Princeton; G. H. Clark, '80, for Yale, and Mr. L. N. Littauer, '78 of Harvard, acted as referee.

In the first innings all the advantage gained by either side was that Princeton was forced to touchdown for safety half a dozen times. In the second innings however Princeton secured a touchdown and on the place kick won the goal which decided the match.

In 1876 Yale defeated Harvard 1 to 0, and Princeton 2 to 0. Last year Princeton defeated Harvard 1 to 0. Yale and Princeton played a draw game, and Harvard and Yale did not meet owing to a misunderstanding in regard to the men constituting a team. Yale claimed eleven, while Harvard and Princeton desired fifteen. Yale conceded the point to Princeton, but did not to Harvard. As Yale was not defeated by either, she claimed to retain the championship. This claim Harvard and Princeton have refused to accept, but it seems to be set at rest now by the result of yesterday's conflict.

Ice Skating.

THE winter season is said by the weather wise to be likely to be very severe this year, and also promises to begin earlier than it has done for several seasons past; and therefore the votaries of the great winter sport of skating are looking forward to far greater facilities for enjoying their grand sport this winter than they have had at command for some years. The popular skating resorts at Central and Prospect Parks will of course monopolize the greatest patronage as they are free to the public. But the Capitoline and Union skating ponds in Brooklyn will also be in operation once more this winter, and some gay scenes are anticipated by the young people for a series of skating carnivals are to be given this winter at the Capitoline Skating Park.

CHESS.

CHESS PLAYERS' DIRECTORY.

NEW YORK CHESS ROOMS.—Café Engel, No. 356 Bowery.

TURNER HALL CHESS CLUB.—Nos. 66 and 68 East Fourth street.

NEW YORK CHESS CLUB.—Café Cosmopolitan, No. 1 1-2 Second avenue.

MANHATTAN CHESS CLUB.—Café Logeling, No. 49 Bowery.

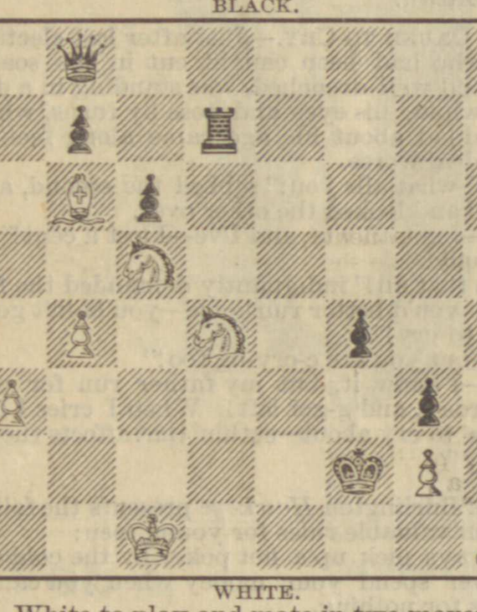
THE BROOKLYN CHESS CLUB meets daily in the Brooklyn Library Building, Montague street.

WILLIAMSBURG PHILIDOR CHESS CLUB.—Turn Hall, 71 and 73 Meserole street. Meets for play on Wednesday and Friday evenings.

PROBLEM No. 4.

BY H. C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Chess Notes.

MR. CHAS. H. STANLEY, formerly Secretary of the British Legation at Washington, and at one time the leading player in this country, is now the Chess Manager of the Cafe Engel, No. 356 Bowery, during the absence of Manager Capt. Mackenzie, now on a tour through the States and Canada.

CHESS in Canada has received quite an impetus through the inauguration of a correspondence tourney by Mr. J. W. Shaw, of the Montreal club. The rules of the tourney require each player to conduct four games simultaneously, and each is to play one game with every other. There is a time limit also, 48 hours only being allowed between the receipt of a move and the dispatching a reply. We give the names of the contestants in the tourney on the 22d inst.; in the list will be noticed names of gentlemen who are well known outside of the chess world: Prof. Hicks, J. Henderson, A. Saunders and J. W. Shaw, of Montreal; M. J. Murphy, Quebec; C. A. Boivin, St. Hyacinthe; W. Braithwaite, Unionville; Dr. J. Ryall and H. N. Kittson, Hamilton; G. Gibson, Toronto; J. E. Narroway and J. Clawson, St. John, N. B.; J. T. Wylde, J. G. Foster, Q. C., and G. P. Black, Halifax, N.S.

Chess Lessons.

(CONTINUED FROM NUMBER THREE.)

J'ADOUBE.—A French expression, signifying "I arrange," or "I replace," which is used by a player when he touches a man merely to adjust its position on the board, without intending to play it. (See the 7th law.)

MINOR PIECES.—The Bishop and Knight, in contradistinction to the Queen and Rook, are called *minor Pieces.*

THE OPPOSITION.—An important maneuver in playing the King, by which one player is enabled to occupy certain key squares, and thus compel the adverse King to abandon a favorable position.

RULE.—This critical point is known by remembering that, the player who can first place an odd number of squares between the hostile Kings *wins* "the opposition." It is mainly serviceable in Pawn end-games.

PASSED PAWN.—A Pawn is said to be a *passed* one when the adversary has no Pawns to obstruct its march on the same file, or on either of the next files to the right or left.

TO QUEEN A PAWN, OR TO ADVANCE A PAWN TO QUEEN.—When a player has contrived to advance a Pawn to the eighth or last square of the file, it assumes the rank and power of a Queen, or any other Piece he chooses, and he is then said to have *queened* his Pawn.

SCHOLAR'S MATE.—A checkmate occasionally given at the opening of a game by a practiced player to one but little tutored in the science. The following are the moves:

BLACK.	WHITE.
1. P. to K's 4th.	1. P. to K's 4th.
2. K. B. to Q. B's 4th.	2. K. B. to Q. B's 4th.
3. Q. to K. R's 5th.	3. P. to Q's 3d.
4. Q. takes K. B. P., giving checkmate.	

SMOTHERED MATE.—A checkmate which is sometimes given by the Knight when the adverse King is hemmed in, or *smothered*, by his own forces.

STALEMATE.—When one party has his King so circumstanced that, not being at the moment in check, he cannot play him without going into check, and at the same time has no other Piece or Pawn to move instead, he is said to be *stalemated*, and the game is considered drawn.

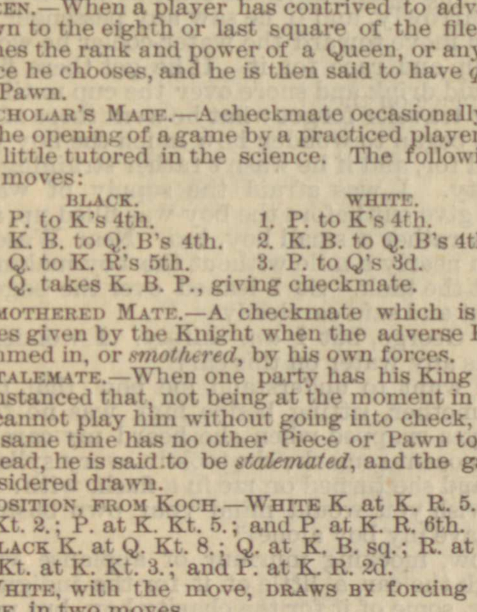
POSITION, FROM KOCH.—WHITE K. at K. R. 5.; Q. at K. Kt. 2.; P. at K. Kt. 5.; and P. at K. R. 6th.

BLACK K. at Q. Kt. 8.; Q. at K. B. sq.; R. at Q. Kt. 5.; Kt. at K. Kt. 3.; and P. at K. R. 2d.

WHITE, with the move, DRAWS BY forcing STALEMATE, in two moves.

My narrow space utterly forbids my illustrating each of these technicalities by a diagram, but the following beautiful problem by Signor Giambatista Lolli, composed many years since, furnishes a means of illustrating several of the most important of them:

BLACK.



WHITE.

The Boy Billiardist.

A BOY phenomenon has appeared in Boston. He is an Indiana boy, only 22 years of age, named Randolph Haiser. It is the opinion of those versed in the game that his equal is not to be seen in Boston, if, indeed, anywhere. In the three-ball carom game he is at his best, and his ordinary terms are 150 or "no count," against the best amateurs. Recently, in an exhibition of his skill, he astonished the spectators with runs of 113, 107, 91, 58 and 53, counting, on one occasion, 84 without going on the rail. Since his arrival in Boston he has scored the extraordinary counts of 690 and 355. His manner of play is modest and unassuming, and his shots are made with wonderful quickness and precision, the "masse" being one of his strongest features.

ATHLETICS.

O'Leary and Campana.

HERE is what the champion said about the Bridgeport man in a recent interview:

"My principal reason for coming on," said he, "was to get up a match with Campana. I never saw 'Sport,' but from the accounts I have read concerning him he must be a good man. I am ready to bet $2,500 against $2,000 that I can beat him in a six days' walk and run, or 'trot,' as they now term it. I don't want to express any opinion as to whether there was sharp play at his walk in Bridgeport, but I think the man himself is fully confident that he went over the ground. If the score was properly kept it was a wonderful performance. I have seen none of his friends yet. Al. Smith, who is at the Gilsey House, is ready to put up the money for me. He left it at the rooms of Kelly & Bliss last week, but Campana has failed to cover it up to the present time. We are most anxious to make this match. I owe New York a good performance, and if 'Sport' comes to the front I will give him a chance to stretch his legs."

"Can you beat the record he claims to have made?"

"I am willing to wager $2,000 against $3,000 that I will walk 540 miles in 144 hours in a fair heel and toe walk. Of course the odds are against me."

From the rest of the interview it appears that O'Leary intends to walk against Corkey, the victor of the last Astley Tournament, also against "Blower" Brown, second in that match, Harriman of Boston, Guion of Milwaukee, and Schmehl of Chicago. The walk against some or all of these will probably take place at Gilmore's Garden, New York city, judging from his remarks, though it may be transferred to Chicago. O'Leary stated at the interview that he intends to go into training and astonish the world in this last walk.

It happened, however, that the report of the interview reached Campana, whereupon the following correspondence ensued in the daily papers:

CAMPANA'S CHALLENGE.

IN reply to Mr. O'Leary's challenge, which appears in the papers of to-day, I send this answer: It was my intention to give myself another trial in long-distance pedestrianism before meeting any of the gentlemen who have won so much distinction in this field. Above all, I desired to avoid a meeting with the champion O'Leary until such time as I had fully satisfied myself that it would be safe to give my enthusiastic friends an opportunity to invest their money. But as Mr. O'Leary so persistently urges me to meet him on the track, I give my consent to a match, to go as you please without aid for six days, for an even wager of $1,000 a side, the winner to take three-fourths of the gate-money, the remaining fourth to go to the loser, provided he covers 450 miles. If the latter fails to cover the stipulated distance, the winner to take the entire proceeds.

If this proposition, which we consider fair, meets with general approval, we are ready to put up and sign articles for a match, to come off at a time and place to be mutually agreed upon hereafter.

P. NAPOLEON CAMPANA.

O'LEARY'S ANSWER.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 27th, 1878.

IN reply to the card of Mr. P. Napoleon Campana, published this morning, allow me to state that, believing his proposition a fair one in every respect, I gladly accept it, and have forwarded $1,000 to the *Spirit of the Times*, the sum he expresses a willingness to compete for. I commence a 400-mile exhibition at Horticultural Hall of this city on Monday next. When that walk is completed I will at once proceed to New York and make final arrangements with Mr. Campana. DANIEL O'LEARY.

This settles the business for both, and gives promise of a grand contest when they come together. Campana's challenge is noticeable for its modesty. He does not commence as Hughes did, by a promise "to bate O'Leary," which would make a failure ridiculous. He simply offers to walk, and engages to claim no money unless he covers 450 miles. Nothing could be fairer, and the match will be eagerly looked for.

Athletic Notes.

GEORGE J. LAW will walk seventy-five hours in St. John's Hall, Bridgeport, December 14, and try to make two hundred and sixty miles in that time.

A FORFEIT has been placed by D. G. Ross, claiming to be the champion long-distance runner of Canada, that he can beat John Hughes in a twenty-mile race.

THE Argonauta Thanksgiving Games at Bergen Point, New Jersey, developed no very good time or distance, the best being Mr. Stringham's throw of the 14 pound hammer 71 feet 2 inches.

A WALKING club has been formed among the Newark boat clubs, and has received the designation of the "Essex Tramps." The club will take practice walks to the Orange hills about once a week.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 9, Little George, a boy of thirteen years, ran five miles; time, one mile, 8m. 2s., two miles, 16m. 2s.; three miles, 23m. 2s.: four miles, 31m. 32s.; five miles, 39m. This shows that boys can do as well as men on occasion.

THE Thanksgiving meeting of the Manhattan Athletic Club was well attended. The running and walking was only fair. The bicycle riding was better, the best mile being four minutes and four seconds, by Mr. T. Lafon, of the Mystic Boat Club.

WINFIELD SCOTT and Charles Allbright, amateurs of Newark, started on Thanksgiving eve to walk a hundred miles, at the Newark Rink. Allbright gave in at forty miles and owned up beaten. Scott went on until he had made sixty-two miles, and was hailed winner.

THE Scottish American Club gave a series of games on Thanksgiving Day, which drew nearly three thousand people to witness them. The hundred yard dash was won by Mr. Arnold in the very good time of 10¼ seconds. The heavier contests were adjourned to Nov. 30th on account of early darkness.

THE engineer soldiers at Willett's Point, New York harbor, had a fine series of athletic games on Thanksgiving Day, and showed that they had some good men. Twenty-five seconds for a 200 yard dash—winner's time—is very good, won by Private Kirwan. The other events were not specially interesting.

HARRY CHADWICK and T. Pryor, of Newark, had their little Thanksgiving run of 125 yards against wind, in 13 2-5 seconds. Of course Chadwick won. No one of that name ever confessed defeat, and our veteran "Sports and Pastimes" editor feels happy that his namesake did not bring discredit on the Chadwick pedigree.

SEVERAL ladies and gentlemen of Hastings, Westchester Co., N. Y., have organized a walking club, and recently took their first jaunt from Carmansville to Hastings, about 16 miles of tolerably rough country. Three gentlemen and four ladies enjoyed the walk greatly. Weekly excursions are intended during the fall and winter.

WILLIAM KIRTLAND and Benjamin Wise, two lads in the employ of Tiffany & Co., the great jewelers, walked a five-mile race at Fleetwood Park, on Thanksgiving Day. Wise won in 59 minutes 25 seconds. The men from Tiffany's also raced. Mr. Treadwell ran and walked fifteen miles in 2 hours 33 minutes 25 seconds, and won the race.

THE Westchester Walking Club took their last jaunt for the season on Sunday, December 1st, over from Sufferns, Rockland Co., N. Y., on the Erie Railroad, to Paterson, N. J., sixteen miles straight, but twenty miles by the pedometer.

THE Editor of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER and a friend noticed a new walking club of young men in New Rochelle, December 1st., going along at a lively pace on the shore road to Mamaroneck along the beautiful Sound. No more charming route can be selected than the shores of Long Island sound, for walking parties.

THE Ladies' Saturday Walking Club took their second excursion to Fort Lee, Nov. 25th. They had a very jolly time on the road, and the annalist tells us that a fruitful subject of discussion on the way home was the distance walked during the afternoon. One young lady declared that the walk had been altogether too short to be called a walk, and she didn't believe they had gone a step more than three miles. Others thought that they had walked four, five, and six miles, and one even went so far as to say that she had felt sure they must have walked fourteen miles. As the opinion of the club is thus divided on the subject, and as they do not own a pedometer, the exact length of this, their second walk, will probably never be known.

ROD AND GUN.

Practical Rifle-Shooting.

To become a practical rifle-shot at game requires two things—intelligence and practice. Even inferior weapons, guided by intelligent and persevering practice, will do good work, where hundred-dollar rifles will fail in the hands of lazy or stupid men. The first question for a perfect novice who aims at becoming a crack shot, is: what kind of rifle to use. The answer is, for all general shooting in North America, save that of the grizzly bear, take a .40 calibre mid-range rifle, and be provided with plenty of Express bullets for short range work. Such rifles are now made by all the leading gunmakers in America, and employ the same ammunition, coming from Bridgeport, Conn., and sold in every town of the Union. They have advantages over all others, which only need to be stated to be seen. They are lighter, and more handy than the ten-pound long-range match rifles of Creedmoor, and they have a longer range than the short pieces called "Deer" or "Buffalo" rifles on the circulars. They will bring down an antelope at five hundred yards, which is just as far as any man can see one with sufficient clearness to aim at a vital part. With Express bullets, inside of three hundred yards, they shoot nearly twice as strong as a common "Deer Rifle" and they only cost half as much as a "Creedmoor long-range" gun. They are thus especially "hunting" rifles, and one can hardly go amiss in buying one from a good maker. The prices range from $35 to $75, according to finish.

Having bought such a rifle, the next thing is to learn how to use it, so as to be sure of hitting a bird on the wing or striking a bounding deer in the heart. To be *sure* of these feats is by no means so difficult a thing as might be supposed. It requires practice, of course; but six months' work, executed in lessons of fifty shots each, once a week, will make a young man of temperate habits, good health and good eyesight, into a first-class shot, able to hold his own with any one save an expert like Dr. Carver.

The doctor himself insists on this, and prophesies that the time will come when his feats at glass balls thrown in the air will be equaled by some and approached by many. To attain the power of shooting on the wing with the rifle, only requires that the practice should be conducted, from an early period, *at moving objects*, instead of a target. We say at an "early" period, because the *very first* lessons must necessarily be taken at a large target. The object of a large target is to find where the bullets go, so that the learner can correct his mistakes; but the smaller the bull's-eye, the better the result of a given practice. At long range, on account of the curved flight of the bullet, influence of wind, light and other causes, some calculation of angles is necessary; but for short range wing-shooting the learner has practically only one thing to remember, *to hold his gun pointed straight at the object aimed at.* This sounds very simple, but it is by no means as easy as it sounds.

Out of every hundred shots fired by a beginner, fifty at least are misses, because the barrel of the rifle was not pointed at the object but to one side, above or below.

Therefore, the first lessons of a perfect novice should be taken from a rest, beginning at fifty feet, aiming at a spot not more than an inch in diameter in the midst of a large white target. Ten shots, carefully aimed in this way, ought to show any intelligent man just how to point his gun so as to aim straight at the spot. He should begin with the lightest charge possible for his rifle, to avoid smoke and recoil, both of which confuse a novice. It may even be best for him to begin in a shooting-gallery with a .22 calibre rifle, to learn the first principles of aiming; but, these once acquired, he should practice only with the rifle he intends to use in shooting. A man who constantly changes rifles takes longer to become a marksman than one who sticks to the same gun all the time.

Captain Bogardus.

THIS well-known marksman gave an exhibition of his skill in glass-ball shooting at the New York Aquarium, corner of Broadway and 35th St. Nov. 25th. The way of making the sport interesting was this:

The stage was arranged with lights which made conspicuous a white screen in the background, and at the footlights two receptacles were placed for the balls, while the spring traps by which these were worked stood under the footlights in the ring, a sort of platform being some feet distant, upon which the captain stood during the performances. A string was connected with this trap, which the captain held in his hand, so that he might whirl the balls a certain distance in the air for the shooting. He appeared dressed in black and wearing on his breast the several medals he has won in England and America—the championship medal of America, in 1871; the Lorillard medal in 1874; the Championship of the World medal in 1875, and the Championship Glass Ball medal in 1877, with a Maltese cross, which was a present from the International Gun and Polo Club. The gun used by him last evening was 20 gauge, half-ounce shot and 5 1-2 pounds weight. The first feat performed by him was the shooting of three balls in American style, that is with the gun below the elbow. The next was the shooting of three balls with the gun at the shoulder, in the English-style, and after this he shot three balls with his back to the trap, pulling the string himself. The next was the shooting of three balls with the gun in one hand, the left hand being devoted to pulling the string. He was then announced to shoot twelve balls in one minute, but accomplished the feat in thirty-three seconds.

Glass Ball Matches.

THANKS to the horrible brutality of some so-called sportsmen who actually tortured pigeons in the traps to make them fly swiftly when released, one club at least, the Shrewsbury of New Jersey, has given up pigeon shooting and taken to glass balls. An interesting meeting took place at Red Bank, New Jersey, Nov. 25th. The principal event was a match at 15 balls, 18 yards rise, Parker trap, Bogardus rules, the prize being the handsome gold badge of the club. The Parker trap is a much more difficult trap to shoot with than the Bogardus. It throws the ball as the trapper sets it, right or left, and can be made to throw a skyrocket or swift incomer. Over a dozen balls in the contest for the badge were thrown direct toward the shooter, the fragments of the broken balls flying in his face.

The following are the scores of the two principal events:

RED BANK, N. J., Nov. 25, 1878.—MEETING SHREWSBURY GUN CLUB.—Glass ball shoot, for gold badge; 15 balls, 18 yards rise, Parker trap; Bogardus rules.

		Broke.
George A. Wild	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1	14
S. M. Morford	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1	13
T. Davis	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1	11
L. B. Campbell	0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0	10
A. R. Coleman	0 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1	7
Dr. Marsden	0 0 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	3

SAME DAY.—Glass ball sweepstakes; $2 entrance for six entries; 5 balls, 21 yards rise, Parker traps; Bogardus rules.

L. B. Campbell	1 1 1 1 1	5
Tenbrook Davis	0 1 1 1 1	4
S. M. Morford	0 1 1 1 1	4
George A. Wild	0 1 1 0 1	3
A. R. Coleman	1 0 0 0 1	2
Dr. Marsden	0 0 1 1 0	2

Referee—Mr. J. C. Valentine, Red Bank Club.

Another match at glass balls came off on the same day at Long Branch between Captain Edgar Green of the Monmouth Shooting Club, and Mr. T. H. Hamilton, a well known New York amateur shot. The conditions of the match were 25 double balls each, two traps 10 yards apart, 16 yards rise, Bogardus rules governing. It was the first double shooting at glass balls done by amateurs this season at Long Branch, and many friends of the marksmen came down to witness the unique match.

The following is the

SUMMARY.

BRANCHBURG, N. J., Nov. 25.—Glass ball match between Edgar Green, Monmouth, and T. H. Hamilton, New York; 25 double balls, 2 traps, 16 yards rise; Bogardus rules. $50 a side.

Score.

Edgar Green—11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 01 11 11 11 10 11 11 10 01 11 10 11 01—Broke 43; missed 7.

T. H. Hamilton—11 11 10 11 01 11 10 11 11 10 11 11 11 01 11 01 11 00 10 11 11 1* 11 11 10—Broke 39; missed 11.

* Miss fire.

Referee—Chase Wagenstaff, Philadelphia Shooting Club.

Time of match, four hours.

Rod and Gun Notes.

AT Redbank, New Jersey, on Thanksgiving Day, besides some of the abominable pigeon slaughters, elsewhere condemned, occurred one *bona fide* trial of skill with shot-gun. A sweepstakes at 15 glass balls, $2 entrance, 12 entries, 10 yards rise, Bogardus rules. It resulted as follows:

Thomas Hamilton	15	Mr. Coombs	9
P. Hastings	15	Thomas Oates	7
Alfred Gates	13	William J. Wilson	7
Dr. Ellis	11	C. Martinez	6
R. L. Caswell	11	D. Woods	5
Silas Gaston	10	D. C. Lyman	2

In shooting off ties at 21 yards, three balls, Hamilton and Hastings broke the first three. On the second three Hastings missed, Mr. Hamilton winning first money, breaking in all 20 balls, and Mr. Hastings, 19.

CREEDMOOR closed for the season on Thanksgiving week, as far as regards matches, but it will be open for practice all the winter. The terms are by no means high, five dollars a year giving a person the privilege of the range and making him a member of the National Rifle Association. Many Brooklyn and New York young men, even if unprovided with rifles, have availed themselves of the advantages of Creedmoor as the cheapest place, on the whole, to learn shooting. Rifles can be hired from the range-keeper at 25 cents an hour, and ammunition be purchased in any quantity at the common store rates, while the fare is now put at 50 cents a return ticket.

AMATEUR FANCIER.

Keeping Pigeons.

ACCORDING to the present fashion among fanciers, next after the carriers come the "English pouters." Originally they were known as "croppers," that name being doubtless derived from the large bag or crop of wind which they carry beneath the beak, and which they can raise or depress at will. They are, it is believed, the product of cross-breedings between the old Dutch cropper, the uploper, or the Parisian pouter. The Austrian pouters are very handsome red birds, not often seen in perfection here. No other fine pigeons are so difficult to rear as the "pouters." They are apt to neglect their young after the seventh or eighth day. Two kinds of pigmy pouters, "Isabels" and "Brunnen," are raised in Germany, and to some extent in England, which are not, so far as the fanciers in this city know, in any stock in this country. They are very beautiful in color and carriage, exceedingly tame, and only about two-thirds as large as the English pouters.

After these odd birds come nearly a hundred different varieties of pigeon, such as fantails, shakers, jacobins, ruffs, owls, nuns, tumblers, almond and ermine tumblers, dragoons and others, separated from each other by differences of plumage, shape and color, and varying in price as shown in our first number.

In propagating peculiar characteristics, or preserving the purity of recognized breeds, the fancier is assisted by a strange fidelity between mates. When a male and female pigeon mate together they evidently intend that their union shall be for life. Season after season they remain together, rearing successive broods, neither member of the couple even indulging in innocent flirtations with other birds.

The young pigeon fancier, in choosing his particular breeds to operate on, is much assisted by this fact: Jacobins and fantails, pouters and carriers, can be kept in the same loft without any danger of mixing and deteriorating the breeds, if care is taken to let no pair into the general loft until it has mated and formed its life attachment. Unless this precaution is taken, however, the different breeds are pretty sure to mix together, and the result will be within a few generations, that the stock will degenerate into the common street-pigeon, nearly worthless.

The only class of pigeons that must positively be kept by themselves, and in a loft, is that of the tumblers. These birds, if kept in an open cote, lose their peculiar habits of tumbling over and over in the air, to which they owe their name. Tumblers must therefore be kept confined, and only let out once a day at most, in clear fine weather. Then, in the excess of their joy, they play all their funny antics in the air. Tumblers are, perhaps, the most elegantly formed of all fancy pigeons, and have a "high-bred" look that is very attractive.

"Incubators."

CONTRIVANCES for hatching out chickens in large numbers by artificial heat, are beginning to be made a success in America, as their owners acquire experience in their management. The *Bradford Breeze* in Western New York, informs us that a Hornellsville poulterer has 800 chickens hatched by means of incubators, and intends this month to commence hatching 3,000 eggs for Spring chickens. We would not advise our own younger readers to start their incubators on such a large scale, but we have known chickens hatched by the dozen in a city house over a hot air register. Beginning in a small way is the true method to acquire experience.

The Wizard of the Billiard Table.

ADRIAN IZAR, the celebrated French billiard player, gave one of his scientific billiard entertainments in the Newcastle Town Hall, England, lately, before an appreciative assembly. Though an "expert" with the cue his favorite mode of play is by spinning the ball from between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and he has this great advantage over his opponents who use the cue, that he can move his ball from any part of the board and spin it from whichever side of the object ball shall be most favorable for the intended carom or hazard. The first item in the programme was a carom game of 150 points up, wherein Mr. G. H. Banks, of the Black Boy's Billiard Rooms, received fifty points start, and wielded the cue in opposition to the powerful thumb and forefinger of the French professor. Nothing remarkable was done until the Frenchman strung together eleven consecutive caroms, shortly after which game was called—88 all. Here Banks, by some good play, got away a little, his following shot being particularly good; but it was only on sufferance, however, and Monsieur Izar made 150 points, while Banks reached only 130. Next followed an ordinary game of billiards of 500 up, the cue again wielded by Banks, receiving 200 start. This time Banks again played well, though his luck was rather against him, his highest break being 42; while the professor, who seemed able to repeat a losing hazard in one of the corner pockets any number of times, won after a marvelous exhibition of skill, by nearly 150 points, his highest break being a good all-round one, in which he scored 137 points. Then followed an exhibition of fancy stroke, among which Monsieur Izar played a new stroke, known as the snake carom, the ball running the gantlet of two decanters and sixteen tumbler glasses before making the desired carom. He made caroms after curves, made caroms from miss-strokes, made caroms on the woodwork of the table, from the table onto the floor, caromed with fifteen pyramid balls, spun the balls into all the pockets from every conceivable angle, and wound up a most marvelous entertainment by spinning one of the balls upon a plate for four minutes and a half.

Burmese Football.

AMONG the most curious of popular Burmese games is football, and it is perhaps the most interesting, as it is not only wholly different from its namesake of the West, but is one of the few Burmese games in which the charm lies in the pure skill of the play, not in the gambling for which it serves as the occasion. Burmese football has, however, very little in common with the English game. It is, indeed, unquestionably "football," yet it is no game of vigorous exercise for hot-blooded boys; there is no mimic battle, no furious charge of contending sides. It is a game calling rather for accuracy of eye and for grace and agility of movement. The ball itself, about a third the size of a Rugby football, is a hollow sphere of open-plaited cane-work, forming a hard and very light ball, and the game is played in this wise: Four, six or eight players stand facing each other in a ring, a few yards' interval separating player from player.

The perfection of the game consists in the skill with which the football is kept from falling to the ground while it is kicked or jerked from player to player, or high in air, around or across the circle, and in the variety of the form of impulse given to it by the players. Each in turn receives the ball as it chances to fall near him and meets it as his fancy prompts him at the moment, for it is by no means kicked uniformly from the foot, but as the player gracefully turns each time to receive it, it is arrested as it falls on the knee, the shin, the ankle, the fore-arm, even on the neck or shoulder, being jerked skillfully into the air from each part of the body in succession. Thus the first kick-off may be made from the toe, and the ball flies across the circle to be received on the thigh of the opposite player; jerked thence it is received by the next player on the shoulder, by a third on the heel, by a fourth on the nape of the neck, and so forth, till it is missed and falls to the ground. It may be supposed that there is greater variety in the skill of football players, and that much scope is given in the game for the display of grace, agility, and quickness of eye. As the sport is confined to one spot moreover, it is as easily watched as it is interesting to the lookers-on; and so universally popular is the game, that throughout the country it may be seen almost daily played by the hour together under a cluster of trees, at the street corner, or on the village green.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

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CONTRASTS.

BY C. A. L.

COUNTRY.

From happy revelry of dreams
I wake at early morn.
To gaze across the ocean blue,
Where smiles the sun new-born.
The mist throughout the valley,
Like a vail. is thrown around,
While dew, like liquid diamonds,
Lies sparkling on the ground.
No noise disturbs the holy calm,
Save the song of merry bird,
Or the tinkling of the distant bell
Among the lowing herd.
I gaze upon the grassy fields,
Bathed in the morn's clear light,
And, like the nodding trees and flowers,
Stand radiant with delight.
My soul seeks utterance for its thought,
Its deep-felt joy to give,
"Oh, what a happy, glorious world,
How sweet it is to live!"

CITY.

I wake from out my troubled sleep,
With wild convulsions start,
To hear go rumbling through the street
Some milkman's lumbering cart.
The lamps are dimly burning 'long
Our narrow alleyway,
And yet the busy din without
Proclaims 'tis almost day.
Musketoes who, with fiendish glee,
Have feasted all the night,
Still buzz around my weary head,
Seeking another bite.
I rise from off my pillow, that
Shows signs of general slaughter,
To hear an alley-biped cry,
"Mack-r-i-l, five for a quar-t-e-r."
I gaze from out my window
On the houses dull and red,
And see some back-room lodger, p'r'aps,
Just jumping out of bed.
Then louder, louder, grows the noise,
While the rag men, the fish men, the
Apple men, the sweet-potato men,
The ice men, the old clothes men,
And the chairs-to-bottom men
All raise their voices high,
Till I madly scream in chorus,
"Shut up, or I shall die."

Spur and Saddle;

OR,

LIFE ON A CATTLE RANCH.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

No. IV.—The Señal..

"What do you think of our long-horns, now?" and the young ranchero grinned broadly as he turned to Arthur Duncan.

"I've known just such horns put to worse use, and I'd rather face the points, than the butt with you at the other end of it."

With a laugh Walt raised the long, silver-mounted horn to his lips and sounded a prolonged, musical blast.

"There's music in it, if one only knows how to blow it out. When you hear a dozen of them coming from as many different directions, out of the early morn and mingling with the bell-notes of the hounds, then you will understand what I mean."

"It must be delicious," grunted Ross, as his mustang stumbled. "We heard the sound of your mellow horn in the early morn for the past two days, and, if you have no objections, for the future please send an old he donkey to bray our slumber away, for, sure's your born, your breath sounds mighty bad in a horn."

The young ranchero made no reply, for he saw that mischief was brewing. That others were equally upon the alert, a sharp, warning *mot* from the horns of the herdsmen upon either side of the drove, plainly proved.

"You two slack up!" cried Walt, sharply, to the brothers. "Hold your horses well in hand, ready to dodge—if they crowd you close, use your revolvers—and shoot to kill!"

Arthur and Ross stared at each other in amazement. What could he mean? Was there danger of Indians—of cattle-thieves? As far as the eye could reach there was no living object in view save the herd of cattle, the horses and their riders. In their ignorance, the brothers never suspected that the danger was in that fleeing herd, yet the signs were easy to be read by an experienced eye.

Their speed was decreasing. Those upon the outside were crowding upon the compact center, but their long-horned fronts were turned outward and shaken with short, explosive bellows. And scarcely had Walt finished his word of warning than, as by one accord, the cattle broke ranks and scattered in every direction, despite the stinging lashes and furious yelling of the herders.

Then the brothers realized their danger, but it was too late to wholly avoid it. Ere they could turn their horses to flee, the hairy monsters were upon them.

Arthur, taking counsel of dear experience, left his horse to itself, and as a consequence the nimble, knowing creature bore him unscathed through that headlong, unreasoning charge. Not so Ross. A long-legged steer with lowered head seemed bent on fairly running him down. If left to itself, the mustang, which was boldly facing the animal, would have dodged the shock, but Ross pulled hard upon the left rein, and, unable to resist the jaw-breaking bit, the horse wheeled, just in time to receive the full force of the shock upon its right side.

Horse, steer and rider went down together, just as, with a shrill yell, the young ranchero rushed up. He bent low in the saddle, making a sure grasp at the lad's belt, and then, with a superhuman effort, rose erect in the saddle, bearing with him his cousin, thus dextrously snatched from almost certain death.

A dozen leaps and they were clear of the ruck. Ross was dropped gently to the ground, and the next moment Walt almost fell from the saddle, white and wan as a ghost, entirely overcome by the danger his cousin had run and the terrible strain upon his powers of mind and body.

There were few words spoken. The danger had been too great and was still too recent. A long, warm clasp of the hand, an interchange of deep, earnest glances; no more.

The black mustang was lying motionless in a pool of its own blood. The long, slender horn of the steer had entered just behind its fore-leg, passing through and emerging at the left breast. Death had been almost instantaneous.

There was no time for conversation. Pedrillo and the others had succeeded in turning the leaders of the herd, and the rest were flocking around them. Ross clambered up behind Walt, and as they swept around to the rear of the cattle, the young ranchero summoned the cook and bade him give his mount to Ross and follow on foot with the furniture of the dead mustang.

Ross would have protested, but Walt would not hear him. They were only three miles from the big corral, and the man would be only too glad to escape his share of the work at the expense of so short a walk.

A few minutes later they came in sight of the huge corral, or rather cluster of corrals, and at the clear blast of Walt's horn, near a hundred horsemen were seen forming in two long lines, through which the cattle were to be forced into the corral.

Now came the tug of war. The cattle apparently remembered their past experience upon similar occasions, and fought fiercely for liberty, but in vain. Wherever they turned, there was a horseman with his terrible whip. Blood followed every blow, and the pistol-like cracks were unceasing.

Slowly the cattle were forced down the lines, and each moment set more men at liberty to force them on, until, with a headlong rush the foremost of the herd plunged through the opening into the corral. The others followed in hot haste, the bars were replaced, and the first act was done.

Uncle Frank came up and cordially greeted his nephews, for he had not been at home since their arrival. He led them to where they could overlook the proceedings, and explained all that occurred.

As for Walt, he was in the midst of the wild scene, glorying in the mad, dangerous turmoil.

As previously stated, the main object of the autumn *rodea*, is to collect all the cows that have young calves in order to mark the cattle so that there may be no doubts as to the ownership of each, when the spring *rodea* takes place, which is for the purpose of branding the yearlings.

At the fall gathering, the calves are still unweaned, and of course, stick closely to their mothers. The *señal*, or mark upon her ears, shows to whom each cow belongs, and the calves are given the same mark. Every stock-raiser has his peculiar *señal*, together with his brand, duly recorded. A case of counterfeiting seldom occurs.

The first move was to separate the cows and calves from the male cattle. Besides the bars through which the herd had entered the corral, there were three others, one upon each side and end, each opening into another corral.

Before each of these three openings stood two men, armed with whips. A score of others were in the corral, similarly armed, whose duty it was to separate the bulls, steers and yearlings from the cows and calves, one or two at a time, and force toward one of the openings, when the guards would step aside, and the cattle, seeing liberty apparently before them, would dash through the bars, only to find that they had exchanged one prison for another.

The scene was as exciting as it was dangerous. Few animals have more of the devil in their composition than these same long-horns. They are treacherous in the extreme. An old and apparently broken-down ox will suddenly and without visible cause, cast off the shackles of age and infirmity, and "run a muck" with all the deadly fury of an insane Malay. How much worse, then, are a hundred of them, in the prime of age and condition, goaded to fury by the yells and the cracks of the cruel whips?

It calls for cool courage and thorough self-reliance in the man who would face them, upon foot and armed only with a whip, especially when surrounded by trampling hoofs and clattering horns—horns that would slip through one's body as easily as a spear or saber.

Arthur and Ross Duncan watched the exciting scene with glowing eyes and thrilling nerves. Each moment they expected to witness some bloody tragedy, but as often were they agreeably disappointed.

By twos and threes the male cattle were driven into the other corrals, until only the cows and calves were left. Then all save the outer set of bars were securely fastened, and the work of applying the señal was commenced.

Several of the cows were separated from the rest, and almost as quickly their calves were beside them, panting and quivering with fear and fatigue. The guards stepped aside, the animals rushed forth, bellowing with joy. As many horsemen were in waiting, and riding alongside, saw how the cows were marked. Then a cast of the lasso secured the calf. The marker ran forward, and kneeling upon its neck, quickly cut the señal upon one or both ears, as the case demanded, then removed the noose, leaving cow and calf to flee until fatigue or a sense of safety induced it to stop.

Before the hour of noon, all the calves were marked, and the men, after a wash from the barrels of water hauled to the spot for that purpose, gathered beneath the shade of the corral-fence to eat a cold dinner.

The peculiar care which both Arthur and Ross betrayed in seating themselves, called forth many good-humored jokes, but these were changed to expressions of sympathy, when Walt narrated the accident which had occurred to each of them.

Uncle Frank looked grave, but the cousins came to the rescue and absolved Walt from even the shadow of carelessness. They had forgotten his repeated advice, and suffered the consequence.

"Now then," said the young ranchero, when an hour had been passed in rest; "you'll see the choicest part of the whole business. Of course, since you don't know how to manage the lariat, you can't take a very active part in the sport, but you must mount, and I warrant you'll enjoy it as much as anybody. Come on!"

GLEANERS OF THE SEA.

Gleaners of the Sea.

A gallant ship that has survived the fury of many storms is brought at last to its death upon the stretches of a sandy coast. The fierce waves have found many a crevice in its worn sides, and with resistless power have torn the planks from its frame and strewn them along the shore. The cargo, floating through the yawning chasms, is borne along by the waters, and the fairy gulls are attracted toward it. Lightly they skim above detached morsels of the eatable portion of the ship's stores, or settling down upon the waters near some particularly tempting piece, with shrill cries dispute for its possession, and endeavor to bear it away in their ivory bills. They swarm about the wreck in countless numbers, and lighten, with their silvery dress, the dark background of the clouds.

Amidst all the winged tribes that find their homes upon the bosom of the ocean, and seek their subsistence amidst the tossing crests of its waves, none are more attractive and beautiful, with their graceful forms and pure white dress, than the active, lively gulls, our Gleaners of the Sea. Coming at times in flocks, with every kind of erratic movement, more like the fleecy snow-flakes borne by the wintry wind than creatures endued with life, they flit over their billowy home, or cover in silent ranks the bleak wastes of its sandy bounds. Lonely indeed would be the wide expanse of ocean, were there no feathered creatures to sport over its waves, and to gambol upon its surface.

As we look upon their structure, so adapted to the life they are destined to live, so wonderfully fitted to the sphere they are formed to fill, how limitless appear the resources of Creative Power, which, having bestowed upon the land its countless forms of beauty, brings to the deep its own creatures made to dwell amidst the mighty waves, or to sport over their ever-changing surface! Of all shapes and sizes—from the great black-backed gull who moves among his brethren of the air like a feathery monarch, exacting tribute from every newly discovered feast, to the delicate little being no larger than the swallow—these long-winged sprites are met with upon every shore that bounds the ocean's waves.

In tropical lands they remain permanently all the year round; but they depart from the more northern climes when the chill blasts betoken the advent of winter, coming to cover their accustomed fishing-grounds with ice, and to hide their finny prey. Graceful are their evolutions when, in noisy groups, assembled over some school of little fish, they plunge into the sea in rapid succession, throwing jets of sparkling drops into the air as each fairy body strikes the yielding surface. Shrill cries of triumph—sometimes of angry, petulant scolding, as one stronger than his fellow snatches away a well-earned prize—resound on every side. The eye becomes dazzled and wearied in following the innumerable curves of the white bodies of the excited throng, though the spectator is filled with pleasurable emotions at the variety and beauty of their swift and easy movements.

Not only along the reaches of the sandy shore are these attractive birds found. Far out at sea, hundreds of miles distant from any land, they flit over the bleak waters and glean a scanty meal from off the crests of the angry waves, or follow in the wake of swiftly sailing ships, watchful for every morsel thrown over their sides. Although so light of body as to seem to be the sport of every passing breeze, they battle successfully with the storm, steadying themselves against the furious blast on balanced wings, and with repeated tacks, like well-guided vessels, making headway in the very face of the tempest. The sea-gull is always at home upon the deep, and, when wearied by a long-continued flight, settles itself upon the water, and folding carefully its long wings over its back, quietly rests, unmindful of the waves that toss its light form about, as they swing to the power of the wind.

Some of the breeding resorts of the sea-gulls are most wonderful places to visit; for although many merely deposit their eggs in hollows in the sand, yet sometimes they associate (for the purpose of rearing their young) with other sea-birds which are accustomed to breed on cliffs overhanging the sea. At such places every shelf and narrow ledge is hidden by myriads of auks, guillemots and puffins, which lay their unprotected eggs upon the bare rocks, or in slight holes on the faces of the cliffs; while further in the chasms the gulls resort, and, forming colonies of their own, hatch and rear their young in peace. All day long the rocks are alive with the countless winged inhabitants, some arriving with food for their young, and others departing to seek it; and should they be suddenly disturbed by any unwelcome intruder, the whole population rises on wing, with a noise like distant thunder, in numbers that fairly darken the sky. Although so crowded, the different species dwell together in unity, and when their arduous duties are over, depart, each to seek its accustomed haunts, and to enter upon its usual mode of life, enlivening with its presence the bleak shores of the watery world.

Humor Graphics.

You may wander at your own sweet will in dreamy listlessness through the woods, taking in with eager eye the beauty of the golden tints of the foliage, and the calm, subdued light of the orb of day as it comes slanting through the trees; but, inspiring as everything is about you, you will nevertheless lose all your interest for the time being when you receive a charge of buck-shot in your calves, which was evidently intended for some other animal.—*Hackensack Republican.*

No Cause to Cry.—Just after last election a boy who had been caught out in the soaking rain and well drenched, was standing in a doorway wiping his eyes and nose by turns, when a second lad about his age came along feeling a good deal worse.

"W-what ails you?" sobbed the second, as he halted and looked the other over.

"I—I got all wet, and I've—I lost a cent!" was the reply.

"Is that all?" indignantly demanded the first; "then you'd better run home—you hain't got no right to cry!"

"B-but you are c-crying too!"

"I—I know it, but my father run for office yesterday, and g-got left! When I cries I have suthin' to cry about—suthin' that affects the hull family!"

The Burlington *Hawkeye* presents the following ten valuable rules for young men:

Always pick up a hot poker by the cold end.

Never spend your money when you can get things for nothing.

Do not despise a twenty-cent cigar or a $2 dinner because another man pays for it.

Remember that it costs more to go to a high-priced theater than it does to take a back pew in a free church.

Nothing is troublesome to you that other people do for you willingly.

Never pay to-day the man you can put off till to-morrow.

Never trouble yourself to do for another what he can do just as well for himself.

Never buy what you don't want simply because the man says he is just out of it.

Do not poultice your own elbow for the boil on another man's neck.

When angry, be sure you can handle your man before you call him a liar.

A Wretch.—He boarded the car with a rubber shoe in his pocket big enough to fit over a No. eight cowhide boot, and at a proper moment, when all eyes were turned upon the car switching past, he dropped the rubber on the floor and then suddenly pretended to see it. Bending over and picking it up he called out.

"Which of you ladies lost this rubber?"

Every face turned pale at the size of it, and each lady gave the other a sly glance.

"Some one in this car lost this rubber!"

Not a lady moved. Each one wondered if one of her rubbers had dropped off, but her mind was made up to wade in mud two feet deep before claiming that one.

"The owner can have it—I charge nothing for my services," calmly observed the fiend, as he looked down one side of the car and up the other.

Not a hand was raised, but all feet were drawn under the seat, as if by machinery.

"Very well," said the man, as he rose up to leave the car. "I'm a rubber shoe ahead. It won't do the loser any good to call at my office, or to send a boy and a basket after this shoe, for I won't give it up."

The Boy Who Wanted a Drink.—A restless, questioning, uneasy, thirsty boy. He let the window fall on his fingers before the train had gone a mile! He went to the water-cooler and got a drink, then he came back and told his mother that he was hot, and went back and got another drink. He drank about four times per mile. When he was in his seat, he watched the aisle narrowly, and if he saw any passenger get up and move toward the water-cooler he would jump up and race for it. If he got there first, he would drink and snore over the cup until the thirsty traveler forgot what he went there after. People began to wonder how much the boy was gauged for, and if he wasn't rather straining his capacity. I was afraid the supply of water would give out before the boy was filled up, and he was rather a small boy, too. Near Waseca, we ran nearly a mile without the boy making a stop at the tank. So I leaned over the edge of the seat and said carelessly:

"By George, but I *am* thirsty. I wonder if there is any water on this car?"

You want to understand me now, that that boy's mother, sitting beside him, was no fool. Her eyes snapped when she heard my careless and innocent remark; she took in every syllable of it, and she turned on me in a flash, with:

"I wish you would mind your own business and leave my boy alone!"

A low, mocking murmur of applause went through the car, a little of it for the indignant mother, some of it for the charity boy, but most of it for me. She suppressed yours truly very successfully, but it was too late. Long before she finished that brief sentence, her boy was down at the water-cooler, holding his eyes tight shut to keep the water from running out of them.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The nephew was the typical nephew of the comedies and novels; the uncle the typical uncle. The former got himself into debt; the latter had to help him out of debt. But the most long-suffering men must at last lose patience, and one fine day the uncle writes to his dear nephew that all is over between them. Not another penny. The nephew flies down to his uncle's country seat and falls at his venerable relative's gouty feet.

"Uncle Peter, dear uncle Peter—just this once. Aid me to straighten out this snarl in finances, and I will never come to you again."

"Oh, Roland, I know you too well. My sister's son—my only sister's son," says the old man, wiping away a furtive tear.

"Ah! your heart is touched; you will assist me once more?" said the young man.

"Listen," said his aged relative, "have you a rule?"

"A which?"

"A rule—a foot-rule."

"Why should I have one? I ain't a carpenter."

"Go and find one immediately."

The young man, puzzled but hopeful, goes, and at the end of half an hour returns and says: "Uncle dear, here is the foot-rule."

"Very well; measure this room, length, breadth and hight, so as to ascertain its cubic dimensions."

The young man, more puzzled than ever, sets to work about his task, and at length makes his report.

"Uncle, the room contains 3,040 cubic feet."

"You are sure of that?"

"Absolutely."

"Very well," says the old gentleman, rising to his feet, and speaking in a tone of thunder, "and now, sir, if this room which contains 3,040 cubic feet, was filled with double-eagles packed so tightly that you couldn't ram, jam, or cram a three-cent-piece into it, I wouldn't give you a penny. Git!"